

AMERICA

A-CATHOLIC-REVIEW-OF-THE-WEEK

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Chronicle

Home News.—The new tax bill, an enormous document of 1,006 sections in eight titles, was submitted on March 7. It provided for higher income taxes, additional estate taxes, gift taxes on gifts of \$50,000 and over, a manufacturers' excise tax, and miscellaneous taxes on telegraph, telephone, radio, entertainment, stock issues, etc. There was opposition on the part of groups to each item of taxation, but in the emergency it was not expected that this opposition would unite. The bill was designed to raise \$1,096,000,000 additional revenue, of which \$595,000,000 would be due to the manufacturers' sales tax. Since most of these taxes would be passed on to the consumer, it was said that all citizens would bear the burden equally, though it was also felt that it would result in still more decreased buying.

The first clash between Roosevelt and Smith occurred in New Hampshire, and Roosevelt emerged a victor by a ratio of 10-6. This result immensely increased Roosevelt's chances, though Smith insisted on keeping his name in the Massachusetts primaries. Democratic politicians all over the country were awaiting the general result with considerable anxiety.

Serious riots broke out at the Ford Dearborn factory on March 7. 3,000 unemployed marching to ask the company for employment were met by city and State police. The police fired on the mob and four were killed and many injured. It was said that the demonstration was organized by Communists in order to cause trouble, but no proof of this was forthcoming. The riot was only dispersed by the arrival of Federal troops.

On March 6, President Hoover and others opened up the new campaign by radio designed to bring currency out of hoarding and into the hands of the banks. At the same time, the so-called "baby-bond" campaign was started. There was some criticism of the failure of the banks to avail themselves of the expanded credit facilities of the Glass-Steagall bill, and on the other hand it was said that a great deal of the hoarding was being done by the banks themselves in order to preserve their liquidity in the event of new panics. The President, however, made no reference to either of these two circumstances.

China.—After the retreat of the Chinese, the two armies settled down to watch each other on a wide front extending in a semicircle from near Liuho to Shanghai.

The quiet was broken by strong Chinese attacks on their left wing and Japanese attacks on the center. Meanwhile, in Shanghai, negotiations were proceeding between the combatants under the direction of the British and American Ministers. Chinese generals at times showed a united front, and again seemed completely at odds. Meanwhile, Henry Pu-Yi, descendant of the Manchu emperors, was installed as Regent of Manchuria, under the protection of Japan. The threatened Chinese attempt at reconquest did not materialize. Relations between Japan and Russia over Manchuria were strained but uncertain, Russia apparently acquiescing in Japan taking over its former sphere of influence.

The special meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations showed the small nations vigorously defending China, and France and Great Britain exerting every force to keep the League from adopting any measure which would cause a break with Japan. The British Dominions, however, sided against England; the result was a resolution considerably stronger than anything the League had yet put forth. It adopted the Stimson doctrine that land changes in violation of the Pact of Paris should not be recognized by the Powers, and set up a commission to examine the status of the new situation thus created.

Czechoslovakia.—Msgr. Antonin Podlaha, Bishop of Paphos and Auxiliary Bishop of Prague, died on February 14, 1932, at the age of sixty-seven. He had been for several years the Vicar General of Archbishop Kordač and was not only a prelate of saintly life, but a distinguished ecclesiastical scholar, particularly on all that concerned the Cathedral of Prague and the treasures of ecclesiastical art in Bohemia, and the author of a long line of books and essays. He had sponsored the Czech Catholic Encyclopedia, in course of publication, and the new translation of the Bible into Czech. He was the first to be buried in the vault of the new Cathedral.

Finland.—The last of the Fascist, or Lapuan, rebels surrendered on March 5, and on March 6 the week's rebellion was definitely ended. Great credit was given to Pehr Evind Svinhufvud, President of Finland, for his effective yet bloodless suppression of the revolt. The principal leaders, including Gen. Martii Wallenius, were arrested and would be, it was said, severely punished; but the Government asked that no undue reprisals should be taken against the rank and file. One of the leaders, Kustaa Latvala, committed suicide.

France.—On March 9, the Government announced a further extension of its quota system of restricting foreign goods when it published a decree limiting the import of hardware products and furniture and at the same time placed an embargo on fresh fruits and live plants. This last-named measure will mean the loss of millions to the United States, since the embargo was aimed especially at the California and Florida orchards and fruit ranches with their immense shipments of apples, pears, and grapefruit. Last year France imported \$5,000,000 worth of American apples alone, and a one-hundred per cent increase had been predicted for 1932.

In Paris, on the afternoon of March 7, Aristide Briand, who had journeyed from his farm in Cocherel to discuss the Danubian tariff agreement with Premier Tardieu, died suddenly of a heart attack. M. Briand was within three weeks of his seventieth birthday. Thousands of people of every rank filed passed the bier as a last tribute of respect, and innumerable messages, including a message of condolence from the Vatican, were received. Although M. Briand had been the most vigorous proponent of the Church Separation Bill of 1905, which brought about the break in the Franco-Vatican relations, he was chiefly responsible for the reconciliation after the War and for the later law establishing the status of the Church.

M. Briand, in thirty years of stormy political life, served in twenty-three Cabinets and was eleven times Premier of France. He began his career as a radical journalist, rose to prominence by his support of the Trades Unions, and was first elected to the Chamber of Deputies as a Socialist in 1902. He became a leader of the Left.

But he was excluded from the Socialist party in 1906 when he showed his liberal tendencies by accepting a portfolio in the Sarrien Cabinet. He took over the Government from M. Viviani shortly after the outbreak of the War, and proved strongly nationalist in his Ministry. He represented France in the Washington conference of 1921, and in 1925 negotiated the Locarno Treaty. For this and for similar efforts in the cause of peace he received the Nobel Peace Prize in 1926. In April 1927 came his proposals to the American people for a treaty renouncing war between the two nations; the subsequent discussions with Secretary Kellogg culminated in the multilateral treaty signed by France, the United States, Great Britain, Japan, Germany, and Italy—the now famous Briand-Kellogg Pact renouncing war as an instrument of national policy.

In September, 1930, M. Briand presented to the League of Nations his proposal of a United States of Europe. In May, M. Doumer defeated Briand in his hopes of the Presidency, but he accepted a post in the Ministry and shortly afterwards won acclaim by his efforts for mediation in the Geneva discussions of the Japanese invasion of Manchuria. Although M. Briand's long career actually came to a close last January with the fall of the Laval Cabinet, he was preparing for a return to the political arena at the time of his death. The world press united in naming him the greatest advocate and influence for peace of modern times. Preceding the funeral, however, several Paris journals attacked M. Briand's achievements.

Germany.—Only one thing occupied the German mind during the last weeks—the Presidential elections on March 13, and the fate of Hitler and his National Socialists. Electioneering was found to be a new and troublesome art; and an expensive one as well. It was Germany's second experience. The candidates were: the great German hero, President von Hindenburg, against a field of extremists, including one candidate languishing in jail. Every form of campaigning was used: posters, cartoons, slogans, handbills, press, and radio. The Nazis surpassed in organization, holding innumerable meetings. While personal attacks were plentiful and severe, and the various "systems" were bitterly excoriated, the name of Von Hindenburg was usually omitted out of respect for his person. The psychology of alignments was the subject for much comment. The President himself, strongly of the old school, was sacrificing himself to save the Republic; the men of his own State and persuasion, the soldiers of his victorious armies, were lined up against him because they hated Bruening and the Republican regime; the Socialists were with him because they feared the Communists on the Left and the National Socialists on the Right; the Nazis were alarmed at the Communists, favored the old regime, but offered a Socialist program to the farmers. The Center party, to which Dr. Bruening belongs, aligned itself with the coalition supporting President von Hindenburg.

President von Hindenburg refrained from all cam-

painging, contenting himself with one general address over the Government broadcasting system. He consented, however, to appear in full regalia at a public inspection of the Berlin Guard Regiment made up of ten Reichswehr companies. In full uniform of Field Marshal he performed the inspection with great alertness and precision, thus refuting the charge that he was "too old and feeble" to carry on. So general was the acclaim and universal the love and veneration for the "Hero of Tannenberg" that it was conceded that he must eventually win the election. There were reports, however, that East Prussia might follow Hitler; and the Nationalists were preparing the former Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm to run against him in case there should be a second election.

Chancellor Bruening proved himself a good campaigner. Avoiding the methods of Hitler, with great scholarship and logic he placed before thousands the facts involved in the policies of the Government; and his straightforward attacks on the fomenters of disunion were warmly received, even in Essen, the stronghold of the Communists in the last election. He denounced the refusal of the opposition to forego the election as "a stab in the back." On the other hand, Hitler appeared before enormous crowds where his speeches were received with wild enthusiasm. Over 20,000 gathered in the Festhalle in Frankfurt-Am-Main where they waited for seven hours to acclaim him as the "Savior of Germany." He was usually surrounded by his shock troops, with flags and banners, everywhere, and his speeches were interrupted with cheering and shouts from the floor.

Great Britain.—A continuance bill providing for the extension of time in regard to the suspension of the gold standard was given its first reading in the House of Commons. The original measure taking Great Britain off the gold standard was passed as an emergency act in September last and was scheduled to expire on March 21. The new bill extended the suspension for another year's period.—Substantial reductions in the army estimates for the coming year were offered to the House by the Financial Secretary of the War Office, Captain A. Duff-Cooper. He characterized the cuts as temporary expedients and not as permanent policies. The total estimates amounted to £36,488,000, less by about £3,442,000 than the total of last year. The savings were effected through the decreased pay provided in the last emergency budget, the omission of territorial training camps for the coming summer, and through economies in the recruiting, training, and housing of the regular troops.—Reports grew stronger that a re-organization of the National Cabinet would become imperative at the time the budget would be presented in April. Dependent on the budget was the allegiance of Viscount Snowden and the Liberal Ministers. The divergence of opinion expressed in regard to the tariff measures was made possible by a Cabinet agreement, but such an agreement was not deemed likely in

the matter of the budget. With a representation of 327 and a vote of more than 400, the Conservatives have the power to pass measures in full accord with the Conservative theories and traditions. As Parliament continued, it was thought that the Conservative trend would become more powerful and the Labor and Liberal coalitionists would be forced out, including Prime Minister MacDonald. The Conservatives, however, denied any intention of bringing this about.

Ireland.—Final results of the general election, including the returns from the postponed voting in the Sligo-Leitrim constituency, gave the following representation:

**De Valera
President**

Fianna Fail, 72; Labor, 7; Cumann na nGaedheal, 56; Independents, 17. One seat was yet to be filled in a by-election.

The Dail was assembled on March 9. Fianna Fail elected its candidate Speaker for the assembly, Frank Fahey, by a very narrow margin, thus rejecting Michael Hayes, who had held the post during Mr. Cosgrave's Presidency. Next, by a vote of 81 to 68, Eamon De Valera was made President of the Executive Council. The Dail then adjourned until Mr. De Valera presented himself to the Governor General, James McNeill, and receive the royal assent. When this was done, President De Valera returned to the Dail and announced his Cabinet, as follows: Sean T. O'Kelly, Vice President and Minister for Local Government; Sean Lemass, Minister for Industry and Commerce; Sean McEntee, for Finance; Patrick J. Rutledge, for Lands and Fisheries; Frank Aiken, for Defense; James Ryan, for Agriculture; Thomas Derrig, for Education; James Geoghegan, for Justice; and Senator Joseph Connolly, Minister for Posts and Telegraphs. The post of Attorney General was not filled, but was said to have been offered to Connor Maguire. No Labor members were named in the Cabinet, but the seven Labor members, holding the balance of power, were counted among the Government supporters. The party leaders briefly outlined their positions. William Cosgrave, the retiring President and head of the official Opposition, stated that his party would not obstruct the new Government in its presentation of its program. William Norton, Labor leader, demanded an immediate action on social and economic matters, especially on housing and unemployment relief. Previously, he had declared that though his party did not favor the oath of allegiance or the recent public safety acts, he judged these of less critical importance than economic relief. Speakers from among the Independents warned against an economic warfare and unfriendly relations with Great Britain. Before the Dail adjourned till April 1, when the budget would be presented, President De Valera summarized the policies to be followed by his Government.

All the proceedings in the change of Government were peaceable, though attended with intense enthusiasm. One of the first acts of the Government was the visit of Ministers Aiken and Geoghegan to the jails where political prisoners were held. Orders were given for the segregation of these from the common criminals. The next day twenty

**President
Inspects
Regiment**

**Bruening
vs. Hitler**

**Parliamentary
Activities**

**Republican
Attitude**

of them were released. Most of them were extreme Republicans. The militant Republicans, remnants of the older Sinn Fein allegiance, issued a statement repudiating Mr. De Valera and his followers for their surrender and subservience in becoming Ministers to the British King. This extremist group demanded a return to the status of Ireland before the Treaty of 1921.

Poland.—The first news of the French plan for a Danubian economic alliance caused unfavorable reactions in Poland when it was seen that Poland was not included; but later developments satisfied the people that it should work to Poland's favor to have these smaller nations of central Europe find a way out of their financial and economic stagnation, while Germany would be checked in her plans to hold Austria in a combine.

Anti-Semitic agitation continued to be a Government problem. The National Democratic party had been endeavoring for the last nine years to pass a law restricting the number of Jews in the universities. It was contended that the percentage of Jews in professions was too high. Over thirty-five per cent of those practising law and medicine were Jews. A motion for a "Numerus clausus" was introduced in the Sejm last week by the Nationalists, but was overwhelmingly defeated by the Government bloc aided by the Left group, on the grounds that it would be unconstitutional to restrict on a religious or racial basis. The Government made it clear to the council of the Jewish Club that any further disturbances in the universities would be put down by force.

Trade unions were aroused by the action of the Government in proposing a bill to reduce job insurance, making the allowance fifty-six cents instead of eighty-four cents per day and excluding all dependents except wives and children. Parents, brothers, sisters and other relatives would not come under the new law. The Government complained of the heavy subsidy required to meet the annual deficit, having been forced to pay out \$25,000,000 for the last two years.

Russia.—The gigantic task of preparing the next Five-Year plan was begun, with over a thousand persons taking part, under the direction of a committee of 100. The plan is to be ready by February 1, 1933; and was said to embrace every conceivable activity. Reports were at variance as to whether the development of light industry or of heavy would predominate. Premier Molotov placed the proposed capitalization at 150,000,000,000 rubles (nominally \$75,000,000,000).

Excitement was caused by the attack of a young Jewish workman, Mironovich Stern, on Dr. Fritz von Twardowski, counselor of the German Embassy at Moscow. No serious injury resulted; while there were suspicions that the shots were really intended for the German Ambassador. In the meanwhile, more and more Moldavian

and Ukrainian refugees were shot dead by Soviet frontier patrols, in their attempt to escape across the frozen Dniester River into Rumania. The dead were said to total much over 200. Sensational reports were brought back from the frontier by Rumanian newspaper correspondents.

League of Nations.—The League Financial Commission, which had been meeting in Paris since March 3, joined with André Tardieu, French Foreign Minister, in recommending a plan, favored by Italy, by which the Danubian nations, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, Austria, and Jugoslavia, should seek to get together and form a customs union, under the auspices of France, Germany, Great Britain and Italy. Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Jugoslavia, former allies of France, were reported as viewing the idea favorably, while it was looked upon with more caution in Austria and Hungary, owing to Germany's strong denunciation. Poland was not included in the bloc, which caused some unfavorable reaction in that country. Some rather strong doubt was expressed as to how far Czechoslovakia would favor such a federation. Premier Udrzal was quoted as characterizing the plan as a "foreign trial balloon." The advocates of the plan considered it as the only method whereby the Danubian States, depending upon one another for food supplies and for regional marketing of their industrial products, could possibly extricate themselves from their present economic plight.

Disarmament.—Efforts were being made to get the complicated agenda of the Disarmament Conference into some kind of working shape before the Easter adjournment. The President of the Conference, Arthur Henderson, was credited with trying to sift out the matters which could actually be handled here and now. Much would depend on the willingness to cooperate of André Tardieu, chief of the French delegation.

Work on Agenda

Charles Willis Thompson, who knows American political history as few do, was stung by recent writings to recall the stirring days of James G. Blaine and of how he lost the Presidency. "Bowing the Knee to Burchard" is the title of his piece.

It is curious how many small mistakes have crept into the biographies of Mother Seton, soon, we hope, to be beatified. "New Light on Mother Seton" will come from Arthur J. Burns, who is himself descended from the Seton family.

The words of Our Lord on the Cross, "Why hast thou forsaken me?" have caused many to doubt and wonder. Next week, William H. McClellan will devote a paper to their explanation, a model of learned and devout exegesis.

A newspaper correspondent in Barcelona, Lawrence A. Fernsworth, has sent us a letter he received from the exiled Jesuit Superior there. We will print it next week as an enlightening document.

Poland and the Danube Union

Anti-Semitic Bill Defeated

Reduction of Job Insurance

New Five-Year Plan

Shootings

Danubian Plan

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The Head of the House

IT was not a large house, and the expenses could not have been very heavy. Yet simple, even humble, as it was, it had to be cared for, and the times were hard. People were mending their own furniture, and instead of calling in the carpenter, did the odd jobs around the house as best they could. There was a growing boy in that home too, and his mother. It was his duty to care for them, for he was the head of the house. Sometimes Joseph did not know what the next day would bring forth.

Yet he was not troubled. By this time he had grown to know the ways of God, and to confide in them. He did not discuss them, and, of course, he did not understand them, but he knew very well that God never forsakes them who place their trust in Him. Years before, when Almighty God had not at once communicated to him the fact of the Incarnation, Joseph had been greatly troubled, but when his sorrow was deepest, God had ended it by the message of an angel. He could still recall, as though it were yesterday, that hasty summons in the night, that forced march along the dark road into Egypt, when the Infant Saviour was fleeing from the hatred of a petty king. It would be hard to understand these things, even were one to try to understand them.

But Joseph did not try. Like all whose confidence in God's Providence is real, he took things as they came, patiently, serenely. He did his best in whatever task fell to him, and then left the issue to his Father in Heaven. That is why Joseph, not a learned man as the world ranks wisdom, was a supremely wise man.

Today, millions in this country know the pathetic hardships of a little home on the verge of destitution. They, like Joseph, are the head of the house. God has given them the duty of caring for wife and children, but the times are straitened, and they do not know where to turn. One who sits at his ease in the midst of comfort can advise, "Turn to God's Providence, and rely on it," but when the household sups on sorrow, that advice does not always suffice. Yet can better be given? One whose life was a

life of sorrow bade us turn to Our Father in Heaven, who knows that we have need of many things.

In this day of distress, the Holy Father has bidden us to pray that the time of trial may be lessened, and that we may be given strength to bear it. Fittingly shall we address our prayers to Joseph, the head of the house, who by his humble toil provided for the Child Jesus and His Immaculate Mother. May he who knew the labor of the workshop and the poverty of a little home, plead the case of the unemployed with Jesus whose Heart went out in pity to the multitude that was hungry!

The Riots in Detroit

THE origin of the attack on the Ford plant in Detroit by rioters is not yet plain. On its face, it appears to be merely another outbreak organized by a group of Communists who make their living by stirring up trouble in industrial centers. The Ford managers claim that none of their workers took any part in the attack, and that, indeed, the Ford company has given none of them cause for resentment or even for dissatisfaction.

However this may be, the whole country was startled to learn that four men had been shot and killed by the police, when the mob attempted to storm the factory. Deplorable as the whole affair was, perhaps too much significance has been given it by some students of economics, who have referred to it as "an alarm bell tolled in the night." A careful review of conditions throughout the country indicates much that is distressing, but there seems to be no reason whatever to apprehend an industrial revolt, still less any general uprising of the unemployed.

This fact is a remarkable tribute to the character of the men and women who make up the distressful army of the unemployed. In spite of bitter privation, and in face of much provocation, they have uniformly conducted themselves in a peaceful and law-abiding manner. To the urging and wiles of the professional agitator and the Communist, they have turned a deaf ear. Our great cities, with the exception of this one outbreak in Detroit, have witnessed no hostile demonstrations. Disturbances have been confined to the Kentucky coal fields, where, unfortunately, the stupid opposition of the mine owners to the union organizers facilitated the entry of the Communists and other disturbers of the peace.

How much longer this peaceful and unresentful attitude can be maintained is another question. When men see their wives and children starving before their very eyes, when they have been evicted from their homes for the non-payment of rent, and must become with them the objects of casual and insufficient charity, self-control is apt to break down. They do not see that the rich have altered their luxurious manner of living, and they do not understand why the many should suffer and the few abound. It is easy to preach moderation and self-restraint from the pulpit of a comfortable house and a well-spread table, but not easy to listen when one is cold and hungry.

This is the third year of the "depression." Men and women once in comfortable circumstances are now beg-

gars. Millions are seeking work in vain. God alone knows where the responsibility lies for this sad condition, but another winter of discontent may bring forth an ugly harvest of disorder and rebellion.

Can Catholics and Protestants Unite?

IN this issue AMERICA is breaking a general rule in publishing the article by a well-known Protestant, P. W. Wilson, entitled "Can Catholics and Protestants Unite?" There has been so much written wildly about the question of "reunion" that it is refreshing to find one who can report to us frankly and accurately, without controversial purpose, just what many thoughtful Christians are thinking about a burning question.

This is not to say that AMERICA thinks that Catholics can agree with Mr. Wilson in many things that he says, or even in his main assumption. This assumption, in fact, lies at the bottom of the whole misunderstanding between Catholics and others. Mr. Wilson expresses this assumption thus: "Manifestly, the churches, broadly known as Catholic, can trace their ancestry to the Founder Himself. . . . No less clear does it appear to be to the journalist that the Company of the Faithful, once united in a visible Church, has suffered an organic disintegration." That Catholicity and Apostolicity without Unity can exist in Christ's Church is obviously against the Christian tradition. Nor can a church, which—improperly—calls itself Catholic because it possesses a relative fulness of doctrine, trace its ancestry to the Founder, except in the sense that the broken branch on the ground can trace its ancestry to the seed once planted. The note of the true tree is unity of doctrine, implying growth in our understanding and formulation of that doctrine; unity of government, with the same growth manifest; and unity in worship, which implies the Mass, the central Sacrifice of Christianity uninterruptedly renewed. Thus the appearance of things to the journalist, and we in no way doubt that appearance, does not represent the whole inward truth. The "Company of the Faithful" may have lost members; the true Fold went on existing and growing, though many a group may have been broken away and taken up a partial and independent life. The Unity of the Catholic and Apostolic Church has not been broken thereby and the visible Church did continue to exist one in faith, government, and worship, though many separated from it. This is an essential of Christ's own promise.

On the other hand, we can agree with Mr. Wilson that the Person of our Lord Jesus Christ is the center around which believers must rally. But we cannot follow him in his personal stand that this can be done "without the forms and the formulas and their mystical content." The first questions of the rallyers will be: "Who is Christ? Is He God? Is He God and Man? Is He still present amongst us? In what sense? Did He teach a body of truth? Who guarantees its genuineness?" The answers will be formulas and forms. If the answers are not the same, there will be no rallying point. Mr. Wilson has faithfully reported a view that bars "reunion."

The Fight Against Crime

THE immediate result of the President's special message to Congress on reforms in the Federal judicial system, was a bill introduced by Senator Hastings, of Delaware, revising the bankruptcy laws.

One who looks for a philosophical discussion of the causes of crime in this country, or even for a statistical presentation of its growth, will be disappointed in the message. The President's recommendations are wholly confined to suggested changes in the Federal machinery for the administration of justice. Most of the changes are so simple and so obvious that the student will ask why they were not made years ago. It is a sad commentary on our administration of the criminal law, when the President finds it necessary to petition Congress to put an end to conditions under which men convicted of crime can secure an appeal, give bond, and then return to their accustomed haunts and, possibly, to their accustomed crimes. This process, as the President points out, destroys respect for law, as well as the deterrent effect of a punishment which follows fast upon conviction.

Other changes suggested by the President are equally obvious. But no one of them, nor all taken together, will do much to lessen that "extent of crime" which, as the President remarks, "is and must be a subject of increasing concern to the Government and to every well-disposed citizen." Adequate and proper mechanisms for expediting the processes of justice are certainly necessary, as we in this country know to our sorrow; so, too, are capable officials who will prosecute violators of the law without fear or favor. In any country which by supposition is civilized these facts are taken for granted. But one might as well ask a Hoe press to deliver on request a treatise of its own authorship on cuneiform inscriptions, as to expect to secure peace and good order throughout the country solely by a reform of the judicial processes. The President indeed realizes this fact when he closes the message by pleading for "a citizenry imbued with a respect for law." Until that sort of a citizenry is obtained, the forces of crime will continue their present unbroken train of victories, and nothing less than a youthful generation trained to praise, revere, and serve Almighty God will give us that citizenry.

Probably at no time in our history has the moral tone of the country been lower. Divorce flourishes, and men grow rich on the sale of nostrums which reduce marital relations to the level of animal passion, and make intimacy between the unmarried a safe pastime. Corruption flourishes in high political places, and while our people groan under the burden of increasing taxation, the bootlegger, the racketeer, and the organizer of crimes against property and the person flourish unchecked. It is not to be wondered at that now and then citizens take the law into their own hands, to find a redress which they cannot obtain from the constituted authorities. For enforcement is everywhere lax; in some jurisdictions, it is non-existent as long as law breakers are willing to pay for immunity.

Give us schools in which the child of today can be taught religion and morals, and we can face the future

with assurance. Teach the child to honor Almighty God, to know His law and to keep it, and we can look for a man who knows what authority is, and what is reverence, and love, and proper submission, and who will in his life exemplify the virtues through which alone men become good citizens, on which alone the State can safely rest. Close those schools, and train the child under a system which puts God out of His universe, and the crime which today stalks through the land becomes all but inevitable.

Dollar Hoarding

THE country will watch the result of the President's appeal to put all idle dollars to work with much interest.

The President and his subordinates announce their appeal in studied and careful language. They have no criticism of the citizen who prefers to keep his money in a good savings bank or loan association, rather than spend it. They find no fault with the investor who keeps his money at home, while he looks about for new and promising financial fields. What they think is bad for the country, particularly at this time, is the habit of burying money under the hearthstone, or of stuffing it away in the toe of a sock. Were this money released for circulation, the wheels of commerce would once more begin to turn, slowly, perhaps, but with promise of increased speed.

It will probably surprise most Americans to know that this sort of hoarding is found in this country. The hearthstone trust company and the toe-of-the-sock bank are the stock in trade of certain dramatists, who profess to mirror life as it exists in the rural districts, but it has long been taken for granted that these financial institutions were confined to the stage. Yet the President and his advisers doubtless know what they are talking about, when they allow us to infer that the amount of money thus withdrawn from circulation is large enough to constitute a national resource.

Now if these hidden funds can be brought out and put to work, by means of the Federal "baby bonds," thus easing the financial tension, we hope that the President's plans will be crowned with success. But whether a bond that pays but two per-cent interest will attract the hoarder is open to doubt. The hoarder is not an investor; if he were, he would not be a hoarder. Content to jog along these many years with no interest at all, he will probably find no irresistible inducement in a return of a beggarly two per cent. For many years, he has resisted promises of ten times that amount, emanating from capitalists whose stock in trade consisted in gold bricks or dead oil fields, supported by a persuasive manner. It is possible, then, perhaps probable, that he will resist the lure of the "baby bonds," and go down to his grave, leaving to his heirs the knotty problem of discovering the sock, or the precise brick, which for years has protected his hoard. If he has accumulated no interest, he has at least kept his capital, and that is a lot which many an investor has lost.

Senator Logan, of Kentucky, recently told his fellow-Senators that he did not blame the people for hoarding.

Hoarding would continue, he thought, until the Federal Government began to show some real willingness to cut down its expenses. Perhaps the President's plan would enjoy a better chance of success, were it proposed with a pledge of a lower tax-bill next year. For the present year, however, we must face as best we can the heaviest taxation the country has ever known in time of peace. State and city taxes are rising in every part of the country, in spite of the protest lodged by angry citizens, who in Kentucky manifested their displeasure by storming the Governor's mansion, in the best style of 1792.

In many instances, this rise in rates is merely belated payment for the legislative follies of the past. That bill must be paid, but the burden should teach us to avoid similar obligations for the future. Senator Logan is right in thinking that as long as governments play fast and loose with the citizen's dollars, the citizen will turn for protection to hoarding.

The Mixed Marriage Legislation

SINCE publishing an editorial commenting on an Associated Press error in reporting some new mixed-marriage legislation and on its belated correction of the error many readers have themselves confessed that they never saw the correction written by Dr. Schaaf, and have asked to be enlightened. They still apparently thought that the Church had changed its legislation and would annul marriages that were originally valid and had become invalid years after because of the omission of the Catholic children's education. Nothing, of course, could be farther from the truth. An originally valid marriage cannot become invalid by reason of something done after the marriage, though the first news indicated otherwise.

What was done was to legislate for the granting of dispensations in those cases where, to quote the decree, "the fulfilment cannot effectively be enforced in some regions where the civil laws oppose" the Catholic upbringing of the offspring, or where "it can easily be hindered by a local secular authority or an heretical minister, even against the will of the parents." In those cases, says the decree, no dispensation can be given, and if it is given and such conditions exist, then the dispensation is invalid.

Does this mean that the marriage is invalid? Not necessarily. Even without a valid dispensation, a marriage contracted before a priest by a Catholic with a *baptized* person, though forbidden under pain of sin, is not invalid. But for a valid marriage between a Catholic and an *unbaptized* person a valid dispensation is required, and if the dispensation is invalid, those marriages are invalid. But this dispensation is invalid, not because of something done or not done after the marriage, but because the parties do not make the promises before the marriage in the prescribed manner. The new legislation prescribes that they must be made, to quote Dr. Schaaf, "in such a form that no one can prevent their being put into effect, not even in view of civil laws." This is not new legislation but a tightening up of the old, in cases where it was evaded.

Robbery in Spain without Protest

HILAIRE BELLOC

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MUCH the most remarkable thing about the wholesale robbery of the Society of Jesus in Spain is the indifference with which it has been received throughout Europe.

It is of course only a part of the general outlawing and persecution of Catholicism organized by the Spanish revolutionaries—that is, by the clique which has got hold of Spain mainly through the high organization of secret societies—and the whole of that attack upon Catholicism has been received with the same indifference.

But the particular case of the Jesuits merits attention because it is an extreme one, and therefore a test.

In the same way the claim of the Prussian General Staff during the late war to occupy and administer the territory of people who were not at war was the real moral issue in the early days of August, 1914: but the test, the thing which probably struck everybody as the point on which opinion should concentrate was the massacre by order of the invaders of neutrals who had nothing to do with the war. When, as their first act on crossing the neutral frontier the invaders (acting on a policy arrived at by the General Staff) executed three men; when later they bombarded hundreds of men, women, and little children in Dinant, it set the seal upon the nature of the campaign and the character of those who had undertaken to conduct it.

The principle was just the same, whether it was a matter of stealing a neutral's watch or of murdering his child—the principle that neutral territory was sacred had been violated. But the most extreme of the examples of atrocity had a special significance in illuminating the principle.

So it is in the case of the Spanish Jesuits. Here are men, a corporation, owning a certain amount of property just as you or I may own property or a private firm of merchants may own property. The fact that this property was used for the best purposes, that it was most efficiently administered, in the equipping of first-rate schools including the highest scientific teaching apparatus, is—strictly speaking—not to the point. If you admit the principle of property, then property is not taken away save in the case of a fine for some misdeed of which the courts have convicted the doer, or by way of tax which must be common to all and justly and equally distributed.

Here, in the case of the Jesuits in Spain, there was no question of indictment. They were not accused of having done this or that, convicted of the same, and mulcted accordingly. Nor was the loot part of a general confiscation, part of any huge, capital levy which the State might deem necessary: it was a specific act directed against one particular unit in society, without pretence to moral right.

In morals—and therefore in its ultimate effect upon the moral atmosphere of Europe—the seizing of the property of the Jesuits in Spain is exactly the same as the seizing

of a man's purse. It is theft, and cannot set out to be anything but theft.

Yet theft upon this scale, and with this complete absence of juridical excuse, passes unnoticed!

That, I say, is the vivid and illuminating symptom of the disease which has come upon our civilization. For if you can act thus to one body of men, you can act similarly to another, or to any individual. The principle is at stake, and the principle has been violated, as have recently so many other of the fundamental principles upon which our Christian civilization for century upon century reposed.

Now moral anarchy of this kind, when it is accepted in this or that instance, spreads.

It is no reply to those who warn their contemporaries of future danger to say that this act of theft against the Jesuits is but the last act of many: that the Society (like many an Order of the Church) has been despoiled over and over again since the War on religion began 400 years ago. The theft is a theft and, I repeat, the particular note of this theft is the indifference with which it has been received.

Earlier spoliations were not received with indifference. Even as late as the Dreyfus case—with its result in the robbery of religious wealth by the victors in that French conflict—there was full protest and the strongest expression of indignation on all sides. But in the intervening thirty years something has happened to Christendom, and something heavily for the worse. That something has happened in the general realm of morals we all know: we see it in the indifference to human life; in the indifference to solemn treaties; in the breakdown of the family; in the vastly increased power of international finance; and in the spread of servile conditions, whether of Capitalism or Communism.

But this particular point—indifference to theft on a great scale, to theft cynical and not only incapable of making but not even attempting an apology—is a thing by itself; and those who are wise will take particular notice of it: for it is an omen.

It is of course a high compliment to the Society of Jesus that they should have been selected for the most atrocious of all the atrocious things performed by the Masonic clique in Spain. It is a great compliment to them that the decree which robs them of their property has been signed by the wretched man who has been introduced as puppet or figure-head of the new Republic under the astonishing pretext of his own Catholicism. The whole thing is a tribute to the strength of the Jesuits and to the value of that particular military principle of theirs which saved Europe in the worst of her perils and which is ever prepared for action. But that again is a side issue. The essence of the thing is the theft.

I marvel that, when the whole principle of property is

being challenged, and over great areas challenged with success, men who are particularly greedy of their own possessions should be so blind as to ignore such an example of confiscation. But then perhaps I ought not to marvel; for hatred of the Catholic Church does blind men not only to historical truth but also to the most glaring contemporary facts and the most obvious consequences of their own acts.

Let me conclude with a small personal confession connected with this very significant event. It is my habit to cut out from time to time paragraphs from the press which are more than commonly monstrous in their ignorance or fatuity. I don't say it is a good habit, but it does add to the fun of life.

Now the other day I came across such a paragraph: I duly cut it out. It was to the effect that the robbery of the property of the Jesuits in Spain was excusable *because the concentration of wealth in the hands of a few was always a dangerous thing*. When I tell you that those lines were written by a man of Catholic birth, baptism, and upbringing, and were written at the orders, or by the permission, of a proprietor whose family controls \$200,000,000 you will understand, I think, why I cut them out

and why they will take an honored and treasured place in my little collection of enormities.

P.S. I must thank many correspondents for the information they have given me with regard to the strange Catholicism of the man who has accepted the Presidency of the new Masonic Spanish Republic and who is directly responsible—by his signature—for the wholesale theft of Catholic property to which this article alludes.

It is abundantly clear, not only from the detailed evidence I have thus received but also from his own attempted apologies, that this professional politician is of the usual type with which those who follow anti-Catholic action in Catholic countries are unfortunately familiar. Obviously he is no more than an agent or tool, but that does not modify the duty of exposing him.

EDITOR'S NOTE. Since Mr. Belloc wrote these words there have been many protests, from Catholics in Europe at least: the Spanish Hierarchy, the Basque Deputies, the French Federation of Catholic Students, the Swiss Catholic Popular Association, and more than one hundred Dutch societies, have issued strong protests, as have the Austrian People's Association.

Song, Shamrocks, Parades, and Plays

MICHAEL EARLS, S.J.

YOU surely know the formula in the past century: a statue or a painting of St. Patrick was brought prominently forward, an eloquent sermon was delivered by a special preacher, and at the conclusion of the liturgy of the Mass, the pastor and acolytes remained standing at the foot of the altar, while the zealous and heroic choir laid aside the Latin texts and sang in the vernacular, "Hail, Glorious Apostle." Yankees from their meeting houses and their Sabbaths in New England were democratic and neighborly, and deemed it brotherly to attend this postlude of the service; French Canadians, too, mindful of old Irish affections in Quebec, would have a devotional and patriotic tribute in their churches, wedding an old Norman air to the words about *l'apôtre glorieux de la belle Irlande*.

Hymns more ancient were sung on that morning in little convent chapels of the Rue des Irlandais in Paris; (and if I am allowed to whisper between these brackets a special and touching detail, I heard at one of the side altars of the stately Madeleine the gentle voices of two girls singing an old Irish-Latin hymn to the tender air of "Kathleen Mavourneen"). And I reiterate that this melodious performance was at a side altar; for liturgical proprieties were always *de rigueur* with the great choir around the central altar of the Madeleine.

This Irish hymnology, whether on the morning of the Saint's festival or on the preceding Sunday, was audible in a hundred historic places on the Continent. Louvain listened in two or three chapels that were mindful of many associations in the past, one of them in memory of the poor boy from the hedge schools in Ireland in the

sixteenth century, Dominic Shinnick, who twice was appointed Rector Magnificus of those fifty-four colleges then in Louvain. Walls in Salamanca repeated olden echoes; and numerous cloisters on the hills of Rome which all the year round knows the hymns of the Gaelic Sedulius, revived the melodies of later centuries from the Irish exiles to the tombs of the Apostles.

Farther up in melodious Italy, the programs in Bobbio and along the Arno, there are Irish rhythms known to Columbanus and Donatus; and still farther north among the Alps, the antiphons at St. Gall's were known to the early Irish founder of that monastery. You do not hear the well-known music of modern Irish melodies; but if you think you are listening to an old Gregorian mode, you may be hearing really an old Irish melody. For history assures us that those scholarly missionaries from Ireland during the sixth to the ninth centuries carried their national melodies to their great foundation in Europe. St. Gall's, which was renowned in all the world, was the foundation of the Gaelic Cellech (Latinized *Gallus*, hence Gall) and the fame of his music school, as the historian notes "was far and near;" and for three centuries the monastic splendors of Bobbio, the foundation of St. Columbanus, captivated the rhythm lovers of southern Europe.

Out of Bobbio went the zeal and skill of Dungal who founded the great school in Pavia; and he bequeathed three special antiphonaries and his library to Bobbio, his saintly Alma Mater, where he died in 834. And in countless places in the northern latitudes of Europe, music teachers came from Ireland during those centuries:

exempli gratia, St. Gertrude of Brabant, daughter of Pepin the Mayor of the Palace, sent to Ireland for instructors in psalmody to her nuns.

These very few examples are adduced to augment the probability that the Gregorian rhythms which you may hear on Patrick's Day in the morning in the cloisters of Europe are old Irish modes, the neums especially; (and for a pleasant *obiter dictum* upon this point, it can be said that Mr. John McCormack can sing the involved *Ite, missa est* of the festival Mass in the manner of a veritable Irish tune). Musical historians clearly state that the Irish melodies belong to a stage of musical development which antedates the Gregorian chant.

The bit of ribbon or the sprig of shamrock worn on St. Patrick's Day were external marks of a universal society, symbols indeed of memory and devotion. Saving all reverence, we may mention two other days that have this worldwide externality—Ash Wednesday, with the Sign upon the forehead, and Palm Sunday with a Hosanna bough born along the streets. But the mark of green had its own great enrollment, even among those who were not of its race and religion. In the main the non-Gael wore the green token as a mark of genuine respect, whether he was of the congregationalists in New England, or of the sectarians in the southern States, of the Eskimo settlements around chapels in Alaska, or of the Ibero-Hibernic multitudes in the Argentine, or among the denizens of the splendid centers and the farthest bushlands of Australia; and amid the military camps in India and the mission depths of Africa. Across the more highly civilized stretches of the Continent, the green, whether of natural foliage or of artistic brocades, shone for the day, mindful of days older than the Schottenkloster of Vienna, or of Irishstreete in medieval Oxford. Indeed, in the playful line of an American poet, "The whole world is Irish on St. Patrick's Day."

And what historian, preferably of the *seanachie's* fidelity, may be summoned to record the glories of the Day in parade! Naturally, as in celebrations among the Sassenach and the Sons of Italy and the Honorable Ancients of the U. S. A., the Irish processional programs had their little blemishes, their joviality after sips of the "mountain dew," and the humors of the County So-and-So against the County Up-and-down, here and there. But far and near, the parades were of noble purpose and of honorable bearing; and therefore as the poet Horace asked centuries and centuries ago, who will despise a noble and beautiful person because of a wart or a freckle on his hand? The procession on Patrick's Day moved in the spirit of courage and of honor; it served as a memory and devotion to a past of a race and a nation; and it was a proclamation of patriotism wherever its route was in the adopted nations, intertwining the flags, and professing an intense citizenship under any free flag, as in the words of Marshal MacMahon in France, *J'y suis, j'y reste*.

These ranks marched as an idea and a principle in motion, conscious that their exiled brethren in all centuries and territories were the spear points of political liberty as well as the unquenchable torches of the Gospel.

And they dressed to honor the idea and the memory. Who does not recall those decorations of the parades in the last century—the baldrics and the brocades, the hats like those of brave zouaves, and the cockades and feathers that were older in design than their symbols in Flanders, and among the Stuarts? And the music in the air, music that swayed the Anglo-Saxons on the Strand, or Unter den Linden or on Fifth Avenue, marching tunes such as "Let Erin Remember," which Cardinal Manning declared to be the most stirring tune in the world, and "Garryowen," which Custer played in his last charge, and which Theodore Roosevelt proclaimed as the most inspiring military march of all the nations. Many of the tunes seemed native to Yankee farmlands as well as to the sidewalks of New York; Yankee Doodle, for instance, is merely the Yankified version of an old Irish melody, "All the Way to Galway." Enheartening mirth moved along with the rollicking harmonies, but the phrases of prayer and of blessing were in all the melodies and harmonies, to the termination of the parades, resounding *fortissimo e con amore*, "God save Ireland." Prayer lifts to prospect; and the glorious banner of green, with its sign of the round tower and the harp and the sunburst, spoke also a golden line of Irish poetry, which is unforgettable,

'Tis morn upon the hills of Inisfail.

After the devotional and picturesque programs of the day, the evening hours, too, furnished the solacing forms of moral and intellectual enjoyment. Consider for the space of a few words how highly organized are the programs of propaganda that nations arrange to inculcate devotion and patriotism both to solidify their own citizens and to seek good repute abroad. Yet with all their power of subsidies and of appropriations for "the cause," they could not cover the world with their national acclaim. During the Jubilee of Queen Victoria, the British Empire employed a postage stamp to say "we hold a larger empire than has been," but the assertion did not win esteem outside of the Empire. The national holidays of the United States used to gather a Chamber of Commerce group on the Fourth of July in Paris and Berlin and on Washington's Birthday in London and Madrid; but a tactful pedal was always pressed upon the celebrating oratory. Yet on St. Patrick's Day in the evening during the last century, every hamlet and city furnished the good four walls of a hall for the commemorative program—a banquet with music and oratory, a parish hall for an illustrated lecture, and the village "opera house" for a drama to be enacted.

Without the subsidy for a powerful press and a platform of eloquent speakers, the exiles of Ireland and their children and their neighbors came to enliven their memories and their hopes of the Old Land. Were it ever so humble, the program achieved its sweet purposes. It was wholesome propaganda about a great cause: it had no eye or heart set upon territory aggrandizement, or sad with the discontent of underlings in finance or in politics. It outspoke its "toast" in fidelity and sincerity, as in the words of Thomas Francis Meagher at the banquet of the Friendly Sons in New York in 1855: "Ire-

land—our mother, forsaken but not forgotten. Her children, gathered in many lands, revisit her in loving memory tonight."

But it was the Play that was the thing on Patrick's night. Ah, the dear amateurs, parish heroes and heroines all during the month after the performance! the wistful words in the sub-titles of the drama, as "Eileen Oge, or dark is the hour before the dawn!" the tears and the smiles as a humorous "turn" would foil the Pharaohs of landlordism, and the frieze-coated Shamus O'Brien leaped from the scaffold and beat a pathway safely through the red-coated soldiery! Young America who had never seen a cabin or a road in Ireland would know how to arrange costumes from the pictures in the novels of Carleton and from characterizations in the descriptive passages of other novels, "Shandy Maguire," for instance, a novel written in the last century in Worcester by Father Boyce (alias Paul Peppergrass), a novel which was dramatized and played all through the United States and England by Barney Williams. And since the famous Samuel Lover was reciting the ballad about Shamus O'Brien upon Broadway in the forties of the last century it was joyous of his descendant, Victor

Herbert, to sing playfully in our decade "Tonight is a great day for the Irish."

From rosy morn to dewy eve it was, and perhaps it may continue to be, a great international holiday. It bore the Palladium of the twofold heritage of the race—devotion to the Faith (the Island of Saints and Scholars) and to the musical traditions (The Land of Song). Kipling may have intended to sneer at the outlander in India, the poor native boy, Namgay Doola, who, though four generations away from an Irish ancestor, came down from the hills with snatches about the wearing of the green in his songs, and with an old iron crucifix from his hidden hut in the mountains; but Kipling, though his satirical purposes intended no praise of an "ethnological trait," had observed what any good philosopher and historian would have gladly recorded. In a novel by William O'Brien, a sentence contains the summary which is the explanation of the universality of Patrick's Day: "Show me an Irishman whose eye has forgotten to moisten at the memory of his First Communion or at a bar from The Wearing of the Green, and I will show you a clod as different from his Irish mother earth as a Houndsditch Jew is from the Machabees."

Can Catholics and Protestants Unite?

P. W. WILSON

[EDITOR'S NOTE. The following paper is published by AMERICA for what it is, a beautifully written and intelligent report by a well-known Protestant journalist on the modern religious situation as he sees it. As a statement of this viewpoint it is invaluable for Catholics. Its incomplete concept of Church unity is discussed in an editorial in this issue.]

IT is as a journalist that I view life, and a newspaper is like a camera. It cannot choose what it wants to see. It has to see whatever confronts its lens; and it is its function to record what it sees. To the picture, there may be a frame of comment, gilded with sensation. But the photograph itself—even if it be at times out of focus or even a fake—is the essential. The background is subordinate to news value.

Inevitably, the picture is of the immediate and external. But, within its scope, religion of every kind is included. On the merits of a religion, the newspaper pronounces no judgment. The religion is "covered" like any other sphere of activity. On the desk of the city editor, the most sacred matters appear as "copy" and are allotted "space." Headlines are added.

The kaleidoscope constantly varies. In Kashmir, Moslems fight Hindoos. John D. Rockefeller purchases a carillon of bells for the Riverside Church. Russians persecute a patriarch. There is a riot around the Wailing Wall at Jerusalem. We are told of Doukhobors in Canada, and Senator Smoot is an elder of the Mormon Church. Amid the medley, there emerges an event like the conclusion of a treaty between the Vatican and the Quirinal.

For fifty years, a perennial subject has been "the re-

union of the churches." Many a time have I had to "write up" such a "story," nor has it been easy to "report" developments without allowing ideas—vague, presumptuous and irrelevant—to flit through the mind.

It seems to me that the time has come for applying plain words to obvious realities. All over the world, religion is today waging war against paganism. There may be some pagans, more civilized and more sophisticated than others. No pagan can wholly eliminate his own soul. But paganism is not searching for God. Still less is paganism finding Him.

From the study of comparative religion, we have heard much that is interesting. But the result of that study is decisive. No religion that has ever existed, that exists today or that conceivably might exist, appears as a credible substitute for Christianity. In this conflict between the spiritual and the denial of the spiritual, it is Christianity or nothing. There is a chance that Christianity may save India and China. There is no chance that Confucianism or Hinduism or Islam will save Europe.

In the usual surveys of the world, it is customary to describe certain countries as Christian. I am unable myself to mention one country that deserves so to be honored. Still less can I see any region that can be described as Christendom. The world is everywhere the world. All that we can say is that within this world, there are everywhere those, few or many, who—defined in the most general terms—are witnesses for the authority of Love over human life. Everywhere, those witnesses, of whom the world is not worthy, are battling in association with each other against a formidable rebellion of the will of man.

That rebellion, I take it, is what, in theology, is called sin. If so, sin, sometimes dismissed as obsolete, appears to be, on the contrary, among the most up-to-date of modern phenomena.

There are those who declare that the decay of faith, as they regard it, has been a mark of progress towards a nobler enlightenment. I see no evidence for it. Not since the break-up of the Roman Empire has civilization faced such a cataclysmic loss of values—commercial, esthetic, domestic, literary, and political—as we are today witnessing. We hear of “the failure of the churches.” What about the failure of those who do not go to church? It would be untrue to claim that secularists alone are responsible for the troubles of our time. Mankind as a whole must be brought to the bar of righteousness and there judged. But it is a fair comment on the situation to say that secularism, using science as a saddle, has been riding the human race to an abyss of war and revolution and decadence wherein confidence of every kind, including finance, is shattered.

It is amid this titanic conflict that a journalist, who looks perhaps beyond the immediate and the external, approaches every problem, including reunion. He sees the urgency of peace between nations. He sees the peril of neglecting overdue reforms in the body politic. He sees the danger to society which is inherent in unrest due to preventable economic causes. He sees the disillusion which embitters the lives of those, uncounted in number, who have depended on art and science and literature and politics and “causes,” for those inward consolations which are derived alone from spiritual sources. He asks the question, therefore, that every soldier asks who is fighting in the trenches. Who is on one side? Who is on the other side?

It seems to me that, consciously or unconsciously, they who witness, however imperfect the witness, for the authority of Love over human life, are discovering, more and more clearly, that they must gather in humble reverence around the Person of Our Lord Jesus Christ. Some see Him and show Him more clearly than others. Standing afar off, I know not how to express a wondering gratitude to all who, at this time of stress and strain, uphold the Cross whereon the Redeemer died, and lead the sinful and suffering to the feet of Him Who is ever the Lamb of God that beareth away the sin of the world.

Speaking still as a journalist, it seems to me that history, if it be worth the name, presents a continuity of Faith in Christ through all the centuries, from our own day to the Incarnation itself. The continuity is no less obvious in its organized ecclesiastical expression. Manifestly, the Churches, broadly known as Catholic, can trace their ancestry to the Founder Himself. The Roman Catholic Church could have had and did have no other origin.

No less clear does it appear to be to the journalist that the Company of the Faithful, once united in a visible Church, has suffered an organic disintegration. That disintegration is of an infinite variety and complexity nor is the journalist able to define the issues that have arisen. They involve authority, dogma, liturgy; and, as in the

case of the Quakers, the absence of these elements. The schism between the Roman and the Orthodox Eastern Church is manifestly to be distinguished, both in extent and in character, from the gap—not to say, gulf—that divides those who worship according to Roman or Orthodox rites and those whose services include a sermon, let us say, by Dr. Fosdick or Dr. Cadman.

For these reasons, this journalist has come to regard conferences on “reunion” with a certain scepticism. Here and there, adjustments may be possible. Lutherans and Presbyterians and Methodists are able, at times, to come together. But when the Anglican Church attempts to reconcile the irreconcilable, what happens? On the one hand, Lord Halifax draws to Rome. On the other hand, Bishop Barnes of Birmingham and Bishop Henson of Durham enter into relations with the Free Churches. As the late Bishop Gore objected to the claim of the Pope, so does the Congregationalist object to the claim of the late Bishop Gore. Between the two movements, the Revised Prayer Book, condemned for its sacramental features by an essentially Protestant Parliament, is held in suspense. Under these circumstances, conferences on reunion somewhat resemble the less-encouraging phases of conferences on disarmament. Whatever general sentiment may be abroad, favoring friendship, the experts fail to find a real formula on which to agree.

Under the circumstances, I do not believe that reunion, as frequently advocated, is possible or, if achieved, would be permanent and comprehensive. If it were attained, the danger would be a further epidemic of disintegration.

But I am no less convinced that there has been and is still proceeding a profound amelioration of atmosphere. Hitherto, we have seen a Christendom, as we regarded it, in which Catholic confronted Protestant. It is a situation by no means ended. Such situations do not end quickly. But, none the less, the new situation has arisen. The Catholics who deserve to be called Catholics and the Protestants who deserve to be called Protestants—indeed, I would add, the Jews who deserve to be called Jews—are facing the simple issue whether or not this is to be a world where life at its best is still possible.

Many minds have changed and are changing. The nature of the change in the case of this journalist may not be easy for your readers either to understand or to welcome. But it is typical of what is happening. I do not think less than I did of the Protestant Faith in which I was brought up. On the contrary, my veneration for the intense devotion of my parents to Jesus Christ, their rectitude of life in all its relations and absolute consecration to the Gospel, grows steadily as I realize how far their standards rose above my own attainment.

On the other hand, I have lost entirely any conscious enmity against or suspicion of the Roman Catholic Church. The Service of the Mass is, to me—may I illustrate the point by an allusion to Handel’s Messiah?—a superb expression of Christ’s redeeming Presence among men, nor is it possible in these days to escape from the spell of that transcendent painting, poetry, architecture, and music which were contributed to civilization by the piety of the Medieval Church. I should not be candid if

I did not add that great art and literature and architecture have been achieved by Protestants also. Indeed, we cannot gaze upon the splendors to which the mind of man at its best can attain, without a sense of awe arising over such evidences of the Divine obligations of the race.

What I seem to discern is a kind of sifting of the Christian communities, as wheat is sifted. Mark Antony might say,

The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.

But it is not so in Christ. He rose from the dead and His Church rises with Him, out of the errors and evils of the past, into a more direct and definite exposition of His Gift of a more abundant life in Himself. We are differentiating between what, in controversy, belonged to time and place, and what, in faith, belongs to the eternal and the universal. We realize that forms and formulas which may be unfamiliar are none the less a language—indeed, more than a mere language—that expresses what may be essential. On the other hand, I am one who thinks he has found that, without the forms and the formulas and their mystical content, the essential may be believed and expressed.

Reunion is not a bargain, it is not a treaty, it is not a surrender, it is not a compromise. It is a series of convergent paths along which the patient pilgrim walks towards the ultimate destination. It may not be possible, here and now, for all to share the same worship or accept the same ecclesiastical authority. But it is possible for all to love one another as they love themselves, to pray for one another, and to help one another, and, above all, to be associated as far as may be in the task of serving this sad and sorrowful world.

No one can be other than grateful to a Church, international and therefore removed from the causes of war, which uses that special influence to promote peace between and within nations. This influence, added to a strong and persistent plea for the basis of home, has impressed many who are not themselves numbered among Catholics. Conversely, may I suggest, in respectful and friendly conclusion, that, in the life of Protestant families and communions, there is also a deep regard for what Catholics are striving to maintain? How soon and in what manner these great forces for good will be concentrated on the objective—namely, the Kingdom of God upon earth—who shall say?

“Clancy Inc.” Does Jury Duty

JAMES WILLIAM FITZPATRICK

“I WISH they'd open the windows!” Terence Clancy, head of the Clancy Construction Company, Incorporated, panted into the ear of the earnest young Harvard graduate, who with ten other good men and true sat with him in the box where for the first time in a good many years he was doing jury duty. “No wonder they say Justice stinks!”

It was bad enough to have to listen day after day to lawyers baring pro and con about the guilt of some poor wretch caught in the man trap of the Law. It was worse to look out on the human hyenas packed into the courtroom to feed their obscene curiosity on the misery of others. But why must the windows be so dirty that all the power of God's sunlight could not penetrate their grime? Why must every breath of air be excluded from the chamber as if its presence was poisonous and its freshness a threat against the security of the State?

His lungs, accustomed to a lifetime of out-of-doors freedom, ached from their struggle against the foulness they had to inhale. His head, usually so clear and straight thinking, was like a panful of mucilaginous mud. There was no comfort in the knowledge that he was not alone in his distress. The judge upon the bench seemed to be alternately entering and leaving a state of catalepsy. The reporters sprawled drowsily at the press table. The harpy-eyed sob sisters of the tabloids lost their early pouncing vigilance for items of “human interest,” and slumped in raddled lassitude. The bickerings and belowlings of prosecutor and defending counsel took on the vitalness and unreality of noises heard through a heavy fog. His fellow-jurors goggled with stupid eyes and

listened with groggy ears. Only the earnest young Harvard graduate was awake, alert and eager. Neither the atmospheric and the moral miasma nor the physical and spiritual sordidness could slake the fury of his interest in everything that went on. He was like a crazy obsessed bacteriologist turned loose in a paradise of germs.

For his case “Clancy Inc” would admit there was an explanation. He had confessed to Terence the first day of their service that he was intensely “intrigued” by “social misfits,” as he described the prisoners at the bar. In fact, and strictly between themselves, he was up for his doctorate at Columbia and was working on his thesis, “Osteochondritis of the Infra-Maxillary as a Contributing Factor in Acts of Mayhem.”

As a bona-fide Irishman with an ineradicable sympathy for the underdog, “Clancy Inc” had, for a time, been impressed by the ferocious battles this young man put up in the jury room to bring in verdicts of “Not guilty”; but only until he discovered that, in the mind of the investigator of the causes why one man bit another's nose in a fight, there was no such thing as what he called “the zone of legal responsibility.” There was no freedom of the will, no objective morality, and human beings acted as they did because they were the victims of environment, heredity, or mental incapacity. Crime and criminals were created by impacted wisdom teeth, malocclusion of the molars, or the presence somewhere in the prisoner's family tree of a locomotive fireman. More than the foul air, the soul-revolting sadness, and the crushing sense of responsibility the earnest young man from Harvard via Columbia added to the sum of “Clancy Inc.'s” woe.

Terence knew it was the inexorable law of life that if you danced you settled with the piper and that he who drank must pay his shot. He, himself, now, at this very moment, was a half-alive proof of that. There was no reason why he could not have escaped this jury duty, as he had in the past, by simply telephoning to "one of the boys" downtown. But he was sick and tired of "Gerald's" remorseless, bitterly indignant demands that the payroll of the men be cut. Moreover, he was weary of the daily battle with Finkelstein and Goldberg, the architects of the new Erin Bank Building which the firm was pushing to the skies. He wanted to get away from it all and had taken this way out. Instead of coming out like a man and saying so, he had resorted to deception.

"Tis my duty as a citizen and a taxpayer," he had piously informed his son. "Besides, the change will do me good!"

Well, he had his change and little good it was doing him! Thanks be to the good God, it would soon be over! It was the final day and the last case had been reached. During the jury deliberations over it "Clancy Inc" had with difficulty restrained himself from punching the candidate for the doctor's degree in the eye. The possibility of some such thing happening ultimately dawned upon the potential recipient and he had grudgingly consented, after hours of wrangling, to the verdict of "Guilty." But not before he had his last taunt.

"The resources of science have not been exhausted," he assured Terence as they entered the box to render the verdict. "Sentence has not been imposed and this is an up-to-date court!"

He meant that in this particular tribunal of justice a department of psychiatry had been established with two eminent physicians in charge and a nationally known alienist as director. All convicted persons before sentence was passed upon them were examined by the psychiatrists on their mental state.

The prisoner, a rat-faced, hair-shined, well-dressed man of forty-five had been arrested for swindling a woman of middle age out of her life savings of \$4,000 by a promise of marriage. The finding of the experts was that he had the mentality of a child of ten years and seven months and an intelligence quotient of eighty-seven. His left ear was under normal size and his right had no lobe. His aunt had fallen arches; his sister-in-law's occiput sloped like the sides of a cocoanut; he himself when questioned about the League of Nations declared Babe Ruth batted .400 in it last season; and he had a fine case of Hutchinson's teeth which indicates present or ultimate brain lesions.

The judge, an old hand on the bench who knew criminals and their tricks, frowned doubtfully as he finished reading the report. He had his share of scepticism on the subject of psychiatric infallibility, but here was the result of the experts' examination and what could he do about it? The prosecutor looked annoyed, opposing counsel jubilant. The reporters sneered and the sob sisters scribbled madly. The prisoner relaxed comfortably, his smirk of satisfaction shouting louder than words, "I'll beat this rap going away."

A lance-like elbow dug joyously into "Clancy Inc's" short ribs. "I told you," crowed the earnest youth from Harvard via Columbia. "No zone of responsibility! You can't get around Hutchinson's teeth!"

A sensation of contemptible defeat smote Terence in the pit of the stomach. He glared helplessly around the courtroom and his eyes passed from the haggard, hopeless face of the plundered woman to the cocksure visage of her plunderer. So this filthy thief was to get off with a few months in some State-supported institution, be fed and housed and studied, and then turned loose again like a hungry dog among stupid sheep! All because he had the mentality of a child of ten years and seven months and no lobe to his right ear! If he had a teaspoonful more brains he'd be a half-wit! Indignation like a white-hot knife stabbed his wits into action. The experts had examined him, had they? Well, by the powers, let an ex-hod carrier from Abbeyleix who was no scientist have a go at him.

"If yer Honor plaze," he began in the soft, sweet brogue he took on instinctively when he was deeply moved. The judge looked irritably at the big spare frame that stood up so straight and tense in the jury box. He was about to utter a rebuke when the clerk leaned over and whispered something in his ear. His Honor took another look at Terence and signified his willingness to listen.

"Yer Honor," resumed "Clancy Inc," beaming benignly on the prisoner, "I don't think the poor lad in the pen has had as much av a chance as we ought to give him. Oh, I'm not throwin' anny stones at the iminent doctors who've examined him but I think they've been a bit hard on him with their questions. I'd like to ask him just wan meself. But before I do that let them take him outside for a bit av fresh air. Sure no wan can think in a room like this."

The judge stared at him as if he had asked for the moon but the clerk leaned forward and whispered again. His Honor nodded and the strange request was granted.

"Now thin," continued Terence sharply when the prisoner had gone. "Let ye all get out yer pencils and go to work! A man wint into a restaurant and ate a two-dollar meal. He paid the restaurant man with a five-dollar bill which the restaurant man couldn't change. So he went next door and changed it into five wans at the cigar store. He gave the customer three dollars' change and the man wint away. Soon after, the cigar store man bursts into the restaurant and says the five-dollar bill he'd changed is a counterfeit and the restaurant man had to make good. Now the question is, how much was the restaurant man out in the thransaction?"

Having finished the presentation of the problem "Clancy Inc" resumed his seat and with one eye on the clock awaited developments in true school-masterly nonchalance. The silence was unbroken save for the united, heavy breathing of the courtroom and the scratching of pencils on paper. Five minutes had ticked off the clock when "Clancy Inc" stood up. "Time's up," he announced briskly.

The courtroom buzzed into life and discussion. His

Honor who had scorned pencil and paper tilted the judicial chair back and waited, studying Terence intently. All the attendants and most of the jurymen figured on. A fierce low-toned argument broke out at the press table and raged unashamedly as the prisoner was brought back.

"Now, if yer Honor still plaze," said "Clancy Inc," "I'll ask the poor lad there the same question." Slowly and distinctly he repeated the problem. "Take yer time, me bhoy," he advised. "There's no hurry!" The prisoner shut his eyes for the fraction of a minute and then opened them smiling.

"Three bucks," he answered snappily looking proudly at his panic stricken counsel.

"Ha!" exclaimed "Clancy Inc" and sat down for the last time. The judge was reaching for his pen when the swindler administered his own *coup de grace*. "Tree bucks—and de price of de meal!" he added triumphantly.

The shout of laughter that roared through the courtroom shocked the crook with the mentality of a child of ten years and seven months and the intelligence quotient of eighty-seven. But not so much as the judge's sentence and its final words "—— in the State penitentiary" which seemed to come from a far distance but landed with staggering impact.

"And how did the bright little boy from Harvard via Columbia take the slap?" demanded Delia, "Clancy Inc's" favorite daughter, when her father with great wealth of detail had finished the story at the dinner table that night.

"I couldn't stay to find out," answered Terence with an impish twinkle in his eye. "The last I saw av him he was fightin' and figurin' with the doctor that made the report. The mind expert said five and the mayhem man said eight. As we used to say to home in Ireland, 'tis bechune thim it is.'"

THE SOUL

No man may gauge,
By work or wit,
The vast expanse
And scope of it.

Its boundary lines,
Like God's own Face,
Are governed not
By time or space.

As some immortal
Bird that flies,
On golden wings,
Through Paradise,

It pierces heights
No mind can frame,
And sometimes plumbs
The pools of shame.

Yet best I like
To dream it one,
Immense cathedral,
Lit by sun,

Where prayers are notes
Of music blown,
Perpetually
Around God's Throne.

J. CORSON MILLER.

Back of Business

HENRY FORD assumes the lead; that means, he does the unusual. Where business is contracting, he is expanding. While the world is careful *not* to add to "over"-production, he aims to operate at capacity. Where the manufacturers are anxious to keep the profits of the past, he is going to throw them right back into production. If nothing else, it takes true and honest conviction to swim against the tide. And the task before him, the revival of business, is tremendous.

It involves jobs for 400,000 workmen and a production of 5,000 cars a day. Gross purchases of raw materials and supplies will average more than \$50,000,000 a month; wages and salaries over \$18,000,000. To keep the plants going, some 230,000 freight cars are required to keep moving back and forth, between mines and factories, between plants and harbors and forests and lakes, with a freight bill of more than \$86,000,000. Nobody can doubt that Henry Ford will achieve all this, and possibly more. He owns the factories and mines and railroads and shipping fleets. And he has the money to step up production. But—and this is an altogether different problem—if Henry Ford solves his own task, will he thereby solve the depression?

Apparently, he is thoroughly convinced that he will. With his own plants operating at capacity, thousands of other industries will resume production, he thinks.

This sounds fine and sensible and distinctly admirable. And to Henry Ford goes the credit that he is at least trying where others keep up hope and keep down hands. But let us apply a bit of horse sense and become aware of the real problem: There are at least 8,000,000 men without work in the country. There are approximately 7,000,000 persons working on a part-time basis. These 15,000,000 people form easily one-third of the working population of the United States. Give them jobs, and you face the task of increasing production to such an extent where, with the aid of machines and efficiency, twice as much will be produced as can be absorbed, even with all the people working.

To get around this inequality between the cost of production and the financing of consumption, we have to curtail production, at the same time increasing the number of jobs, or, in other words, the six-hour day or the five-day week or both. First of all, we have to turn away from the glory of production and face squarely the bitter need for people's higher spending power. Here is Ford's mistake. He glorifies production. We always do! Why?

Turn back the pages of American history and see for yourself. For the last 150 years, aside from short setbacks, the manufacturer, the farmer, the blacksmith faced only one problem: how to make more and more and more. There was never a doubt about the buyer who, indeed, crowded the shop and store and warehouse, hungry for goods. Today, production has finally and definitely vanquished the consumer and is outmatching his capacity by four to one. Yet, our attitude is still that of 1850, we still see the customer crowding in, we still believe in the magic of production—and pay heavily for our mental backwardness.

GERHARD HIRSCHFELD.

Education

The Teacher's Ready Micawber

JOHN WILTBYE

READERS of "David Copperfield," that once-popular classic, now treasured only by graybeards, will recall in Mr. Micawber a letter writer of singular point and assiduity. Cicero is but a pale ineffectual light, in comparison, or a hone on which schoolboys may edge their dull wits, and Madame de Sevigné only a Christmas *poupée* tricked out in lace and ribbons. There was no occasion for which the ready Wilkins lacked an appropriate epistle, and all who have perused the communications signed by this Remains of a Fallen Tower must regret that in this day of the telephone and wireless, letter writing has become one of the lost arts.

Happily we have a good kind aunt, like her of our childhood, who always had a jam tart, forbidden at home, ready when we came to visit her. She is that venerable lady at Washington, Aunt Sammy, who comes to the aid of the farmer, by supplying him with pamphlets which tell him how to turn the old homestead, mortgage and all, into a modern bungalow; and of the mother, by setting loose upon the country a swarm of maiden ladies whose commission from some bureau is ample evidence of their fitness to expound and expatiate upon the welfare of the mewling infant in the crib. The latest instance of her kind interest is found in Bulletin No. 19, 1931, issued by the Federal Office of Education, under the somewhat cryptic title "Circular Letters as a Supervisory Agency." But a glance makes all plain.

The Letter of Transmissal, signed by the Commissioner of Education, indicates that the booklet is intended for "probably a majority of the 3,546 county and district [school] superintendents." These ladies and gentlemen, or some of the probable majority among them, are over-worked persons at all times, and their lot is made more difficult by the fact that in many instances the areas over which they exercise jurisdiction are long, wide, mountainous, swampy, and roadless. One superintendent reports that his county measures "48 by 54 miles and has about 150 teachers." This plea of area in an era of Fords really does not overwhelm us, probably because we do not know the full story of the superintendent's work. However this may be, he claims that he could never visit a school more than once a year, and until recently he did not know what could be substituted for the light of his countenance presented in person before the gaze of indifferent pupils and flustered teachers. Suddenly, knowledge shot into his consciousness, like a ball of fire, and he realized that "many difficulties," hitherto removable only by a personal visit, could be made to vanish suddenly and softly away, by a letter.

Struck by the utility of this world-shaking discovery, Aunt Sammy has kindly gathered into one precious volume "64 letters written by education officers during the last few years." You may have your copy by sending your application, plus fifteen cents, to the Superintendent of Documents at Washington. I advise you to

make the investment, particularly if your other investments have been of the kind which impart to life a dull and grayish tint, whenever you think of your penniless old age.

This booklet, then, is a sort of first aid for superintendents, and the explanations inserted by Washington lend some color to the inference that the mental age of these gentlemen is about twelve years and six months. We are informed, for instance, that nine types of letters may properly flow from the pen of a superintendent. These are inspirational letters, such as "A Letter to Pupils Announcing Good News," (p. 7), letters to prepare teachers—for what, is not stated; possibly for a reduction in the wage scale—follow-up letters, letters relating to the curriculum, letters to promote specific educational campaigns and to report progress, letters to improve the quality of programs of various kinds, letters of special interest to teachers, letters to pupils designed to further their progress, and routine letters. Subdivisions, pared by a micrometer, are added here and there.

With the field cleared and divided, we are asked to consider certain details of importance. When a letter has a "messy appearance," the fault is probably poor ink and worse paper. "Circular letters should give evidence of attention to workmanship and English." The superintendent is warned to keep all his wits about him, should he reprove a teacher or pupil for saying "I seen him when he done it," for "letters covering the English work of pupils," comments Aunt Sammy, "at times violate the points covered." Short sentences are "better than long involved ones," the superintendent is reminded, since "many teachers refuse to dig out the meaning of involved sentences." Finally, a file for letters sent and letters received, should be kept, and "some means of checking up on the reading of letters is suggested." I put aside a mean suspicion that these letters are not always warmly welcomed by the teachers, as the Bulletin insinuates, and as the dignity inhering in a County Superintendent makes just and right; and hasten to the meat in this nut. It consists in the sixty-four model letters submitted for the guidance of the superintendent, as he sits at his desk to dip a rusty pen in his clogged ink well.

Let us turn over the letter on "An Easy Way to Have Hot Lunch," to the President's Commission on Hard Times, and another about "Our Friend, the Toad," to Senator Harrison, of Mississippi, and push on to p. 54. Writing on "Township Meetings," the superintendent of Mahaska County, Iowa, instructs the teachers that nothing but illness will be accepted as an excuse for absence from the Fall Meeting. All the children must attend too, and the youngsters are to secure the cooperation of parents in making "a good record." What will happen at the Meeting is not clear from the text, but the concluding paragraph indicates that one of the day's events is a meal. "Ask each mother to see that each member of her family is provided with a plate, fork, spoon, and cup or glass." Doubtless the meal will be a light one, since a knife seems unnecessary; but what of the use of "each"? I infer that the letter was dictated and read by the superintendent, but not corrected. Of course it is possible that there are

but two families in the county, each consisting of one mother and one child. But these are deep matters; let us not rush in, lest we be overwhelmed.

Page 69 gives us a model letter on "Plans for a Spelling Contest and for Interesting Pupils in Reading." Sandwiched between the spelling and the reading, we find this pungent reminiscence of that hope of the ambitious mannerless, Mrs. Emily Post.

I am very much pleased with the spirit of the teachers at the institute. There seemed to be a minimum amount of whispering and note-writing. It is embarrassing to one in my position to ask people to address a group of teachers and then have the teachers ill bred enough not to give courteous attention. We should have the same attitude toward an institute instructor that we expect from our pupils.

Institutes are the same at Ecclefechan and in all the world, as the whispering and note writing prove. At risk of anticipating a special booklet on this topic from Aunt Sammy, I may suggest that one way of eliminating the note writing and the whispering is to secure a lecturer who has something to say and knows how to say it; or, should this be impossible, one who although he has nothing to say, says it entertainingly.

One's eyes are dazzled after looking over this casket of sixty-four jewels, but I must find room for perhaps the most brilliant of the lot. It is taken from an epistle entitled, "Plans for an Educational Tour."

Promptly at 1 o'clock, then, next Saturday afternoon we will meet in the assembly room of the county courthouse. Be sure you know the words of some of our patriotic songs, for first off we want to have a rousing good sing. After that you will receive your instructions for the rest of the afternoon. We plan to be all through by 4 or 4:30 o'clock. The various county officials, and the persons in charge of the jail are expecting you. . .

The conclusion that this educational tour is expected to end with the participants in the custody of the police is quite unfounded. For the county officials and the jailers

. will do all in their power to make your visit profitable and enjoyable. Do you know what you are going to look for on this civics tour? Perhaps the inclosed questions will help you.

I do not say that Bulletin No. 19 is the most useless publication yet issued from Washington, since I have not read them all. In any case, the recent pamphlet entitled, "Flowering Behavior of the Hog Peanut in Response to Length of Day," would make all comparison dangerous. But that it is as useless as well as a thoroughly silly pamphlet is plain. Granted that a "majority, probably, of our county superintendents" do not know when to write a letter and how to write it, the remedy is not to be found in a bulletin from Washington, but in prompt removal by the local authorities.

This stuff is turned out as a sample of what Washington can do in its infinite wisdom "to help the States to solve their educational problems." It comes at a time when the fate of the bill to establish a Federal Department of Education with, ultimately, Federal control of all education, hangs in the balance. What witless folly and reckless extravagance may we not look for, when that control has been won?

Sociology

Commercialized Crime

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

ON or about December 16, 1931, Mrs. Nell Donnelly, of Kansas City, was kidnaped. The crime became known on the following day, and on December 18, Mrs. Donnelly was rescued, but not by the police. This case is of particular interest, since it is almost a perfect example of the impotence which may afflict the police, even when they are honest and capable.

On December 17, a local politician paid a visit to former Senator James A. Reed, of Missouri, who had been retained by Mrs. Donnelly's husband as counsel. This man explained that some of his followers "who knew the underworld," had come to him with their complaints. "Local men with criminal records" bitterly resented the fact that the police were looking on them with suspicion. They might be thugs, bootleggers, fences, hold-up men, burglars, or even murderers, but they drew the line at kidnaping. To prove their sincerity, they were ready to organize an unofficial search, and report results to the police. What about it? Mr. Reed took this man to the head of the police, and that official replied that he would welcome any help he could get.

That night twenty-five cars, filled with armed men, scoured the underworld. They moved from den to dive, from gambling house to speakeasy, and it may be taken for granted that the guns they carried were not employed merely for the purpose of ornament. They asked questions; what questions no one knows; and they got answers; no one knows how; and in the language of the day, they got results. At four o'clock in the morning, a man telephoned police headquarters, and informed the official in charge that Mrs. Donnelly could be found, safe and unharmed, at an address which he gave. Then he hung up the receiver, and the police went out to find Mrs. Donnelly. They found her, together with a Negro chauffeur, who had been kidnaped with her. According to her story, she had not been "released," but "rescued," and the rescuers were a group of men who forced their way into the house in which she had been held. Criminals from Kansas had kidnaped her, and criminals from Missouri had freed her.

The astounding part of this story is the easy way in which it has often been told by the newspapers, and served up in editorial comment. It is quite plain that, in the opinion of these writers, all the demands of justice had been met in a manner that was perfectly fit and proper. If this opinion is correct, then we are taxing ourselves quite unnecessarily to maintain courts, police, jails, and, in brief, the machinery which is supposed to establish peace and order by enforcing the law. It would be much cheaper and, apparently, much more effective, to enrol known members of the underworld, and to turn them loose, on the general principle that it takes a thief to catch a thief.

The extent to which this anarchical principle has been accepted is alarming. Some years ago, I had an inter-

esting exchange of letters with the secretary of a society founded to suppress the commercialization of women for immoral purposes. This society employed young women as decoys, sent them on the streets to entice customers, instructed, or at least permitted, them to haggle over a price for the commission of an immoral act, and when this was fixed, to accompany men to rented rooms. At this point the man would be arrested. When I protested that the use of respectable young women for this purpose was both dangerous and degrading, the secretary was at a loss to understand my complaint. It was always done, he said; otherwise it would be impossible to suppress the traffic. Indeed, it was an accepted custom with the police everywhere in apprehending law breakers.

Is it true that we have so far lost the power of governing in this country that the law can be enforced only by compromising with criminals, or by capturing them through the use of spies and enticers? I should be loath to accept that conclusion, weighty as are the reasons on which it seems to rest. What the futile attempts to enforce Prohibition have done in this respect, is well known. While Mr. Woodcock has issued stringent orders governing the conduct of Federal Prohibition agents, the record of the last ten years discloses a frightful story of murder, and of disgusting offenses against the moral law. The record of the States is probably worse. It seems to have been taken for granted in some jurisdictions that crime, when committed to detect a criminal, or to assure his punishment, is not only a proper procedure, but the most desirable procedure.

If this principle is accepted, what can be urged against lynching? When officials of their own motion relax the laws of God as well as the laws of the State, what guarantee has any citizen against excessive punishment? What security has he for his life and property? What guarantee has the community itself that its domestic, social, and economic interests will not be thwarted by paltering, compromising, methods of dealing with crime, and with known criminals?

Hysteria will not help us here. We have fallen into a pit, and unleashed emotions will hold us down, not pull us out. We do not like to be told that we are the most criminal people in the world, but it is true. Until we recognize that it is true, and take steps to amend, we shall grow in crime. It is folly to lay the blame for our record wholly on the police. The simple truth is that crime is not punished in this country, because we do not wish it punished. We do not go so far as to say "Crime should not be punished." But our lethargy, our indifference, our sufferance of corruption in high places, say it for us.

The immediate remedy against commercialized crime, whether it be kidnaping, offenses against property, or offenses against public morals, is at our disposal. We have only to imitate the alert energy of the criminal classes who demand that crime be protected. We can demand police, allowed to catch criminals without fear of demotion for political reasons; district attorneys who will prosecute; legislatures which will give us a code under which criminals can be convicted, sentenced, and com-

pelled to serve their sentences. If we cannot obtain this protection for our families, our children, our lives, and our property, then all our Constitutions and our elaborate codes are a mockery, and our scheme of government has failed.

Can we obtain it? Yes, if we really desire it. But do we?

In this second centenary of the birth of Washington, some of us may go so far as to try to discover the philosophy of government advocated by that supremely great man. Fundamentally, it is simple. It can be found in substance in his Farewell Address. Search out that paragraph in which he traces the relation of religion and morality to good government. Ponder on his exhortation to found schools in which religion and morality can be taught. He thought that peace and good order could not long endure under our system of government, unless the people were imbued with good morals. He thought that morality could not long endure, in the absence of religious principle.

Was he right?

For ninety years, of every ten children, nine have been trained in secularized schools. Of every five citizens, only two do service to any religion, and that may be no more than lip-service. It is no wonder, then, that of all peoples with any claim to be civilized, we are the most criminal. In offenses against property, against the person, against morals, we have no peers. Impotent to enforce law, our only remedy is to add another law, to be enforced with equal impotence, and thus to crime, we add folly.

Washington was right. Or, as Leo XIII wrote, "If society is to be healed now, in no other way can it be healed save by a return to Christian life and Christian principles."

With Scrip and Staff

THE National Conference of Jews and Christians, which met in Washington on March 7, reminded the Pilgrim of the old question: does Christian teaching necessarily mean trouble for the Jews? That it does, is the opinion of Horace M. Kallen, a Jewish agnostic, in *Opinion*: "A Jewish Journal of Life and Letters," for January 11 of this year. Only a "revision of Christian doctrine in its essentials will save the situation," says Mr. Kallen; and insists:

Christianity and anti-Semitism imply each other. Anti-Semitism is involved by the doctrine and discipline of the Christian system. To reject and to condemn anti-Semitism requires a transmutation and revaluation of Christian attitudes and teaching. For these impose anti-Semitism, because of the status they assign the Jews in the mystery of the redemption. Jewry is given a central and devilish role in this mystery; and the Christian generations first learn about Jews and Jewry as the enactors of this role.

The Jews, says Mr. Kallen, "are the villains of the Drama of Salvation. The gospel in which they so figure was carried to the farthest corner of the European world." A similar apprehension was expressed by David A. Brown in the *American Hebrew* for November 27, 1931.

The Pilgrim has already discussed this very point, and refers Mr. Kallen to his reply to Rabbi Philip S. Bernstein, who demanded that the Gospels be revised, in our issue for May 16, 1931. Nevertheless, since his argument has placed the question so directly, it deserves examination.

A PART from any particular merits of the case, one fact strikes your notice at once: that Mr. Kallen, the agnostic, does attach serious importance to religious belief. Dogmas do count, for better or worse. If dogmas are "revised," conduct, in his assumption, will be revised; political situations will be changed; disabilities will be remedied; people will reap material, this-worldly benefits. This alone is an important admission; for it is counter to the current American heresy that "one religion is as good as another"; that we are all going to Heaven, only by different [doctrinal] roads"; that "it makes no difference what a fellow thinks as long as he means well; or observes the Golden Rule." The Pope, I take it that Mr. Kallen would hold, proclaims the wrong dogmas. But he is not futile in proclaiming any dogmas, as our current American Liberalism would imagine. And, since religious dogma so vitally touches life, it can hardly be disassociated from business, education, anything that affects to conduct.

If there are Christian dogmas that Mr. Kallen does approve of, he will probably label them "sentiment"; but this does not diminish the significance of his ascribing power to dogmas which he does not approve of.

IT is not true that the Jew, as such, is the "villain" in the Christian drama. The Gospel story clearly distinguishes between the political leaders of the Jewish nation, at the time of Christ, who misled the populace, and the people themselves. St. John, who of all four Gospel writers most specifically deals with the events and causes that led up to the condemnation and death of the Saviour, uses the word *Jews* throughout his narrative in the sense of the political and religious leaders of the nation. If I may repeat my words concerning Rabbi Bernstein:

Is, however, the Rabbi or anyone else obliged to admit that if the facts of Christ's life and death, as recorded in the Gospels, are true, then the "full moral guilt for the worst crime in history falls squarely on the Jewish people"? The Gospel account does not confine the blame of Christ's death to the Jews. It is shared by the Roman Government, as represented by Pontius Pilate, who is by no mean depicted therein, as Rabbi Bernstein seems to think, as "so innocent, so gentle, and so just." "Suffered under Pontius Pilate" is an article of the Christian creed. Christ was put to death by the world of His day. The Jewish people are shown as a kindly enough crowd—witness the events of Palm Sunday. But they were misled and inspired with fanaticism by their leaders as the youth of Soviet Russia are thus inspired today. They were exonerated from a full share in the formal guilt of their leaders by the express words of Jesus Christ, when He exclaimed: "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

In the words of De Grandmaison, which I then quoted: "Even in the time of the Saviour, if many were but the vinegar of an heroic race, yet an impressive minority did not sin against the light." The Gospel enshrines Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea long with its Annas

and Caiphas; and Christian hands have passed down through the ages the historic glories of the Jewish race.

ACCORDING to Mr. Kallen, the nationalistic passions of the violent anti-Semites, the "Polish and Rumanian chauvinists, German Hitlerites, Austrian fascisti, Russian Marxists [!], American klansmen, Fords, Doaks, and Cannons," are but a "rationalization" of the underlying religious beliefs. I fear that Mr. Kallen has allowed his own powers of rationalization to get away from him; for the same argument can work both ways. Purely human passions, economic or nationalistic resentment, can as easily be "rationalized" into terms of religion as the contrary. If the red-headed Christian boy longs to bash with a brick the curly locks of the Jewish youth next door, he can invent a religious slogan to spice his attack. Yet Italy, particularly under its present regime, enjoys a reputation of respect for the Jewish people. Remarked the *Jewish Daily Bulletin* for July 23, 1931:

In the last sixty years, that is, since Italy became an independent kingdom, Italian Jews who received equal citizenship from the new monarchy gave their fatherland names of international importance in science and art. Jewish statesmen and economists helped the young nation to achieve the status of a World Power. Italy was not slow to recognize the accomplishments of its gifted Jewish citizens and holds their names and achievements in reverence.

Among such Jews who spread the name of Italy far and wide were Cesare Lombroso, Luigi Luzzatti, Alessandro Artom, Professor Enriques, Prof. Elias Lates, and Professor Del Vecchio.

Would the Italian Jews be happier if Italy were bolshevized?

The Jew's real danger is not from integral Christian dogma. A dogma-less, pseudo-Christianity; a reign of sentiment, or still worse, open materialism and infidelity, tears down the restraint which genuine Christian ethics bids us exercise towards the person of our fellow-man, no matter what be this origin or creed. Yet "the distinguishing mark of the Jew and Judaism today," says Dr. David Phillipson, "is neither racial nor national, but religious."

Under the religious scheme of things, Jew and Christian agree that the Jewish people are somehow, in some way, part of a great Divinely planned destiny, though they differ as to the Jew's relation to it. Such an idea Mr. Kallen would appear to wish to break down altogether. But if he does, if the Jew is reduced to being a mere biological, evolutionary phenomenon, how does he remain a Jew at all? Purely racial origins are as flimsy as the astrologer's horoscopes. Christianity attaches the note of tragedy to the Jewish people, but at least in its belief it keeps them a Jewish *people*. And I think that even Mr. Kallen would agree that it is better to be regarded by some persons as a bit tragic, than not to exist at all. What the Jew needs, said Rabbi Stephen S. Wise in his reply to Bernard Shaw at Carnegie Hall, New York City, on October 6, 1931, is not to rid himself of a superiority complex which he does not possess, but that the world by decent, human, "I will not say Christian" treatment, free the Jew from the "morally and spiritually overwhelming inferiority complex which is his own." **THE PILGRIM.**

Literature

Chaucer and the Church

THEODORE MAYNARD

IT is astonishing what an amount of scholarly research is now being devoted to Chaucer, for until recently Chaucer was neglected. William Godwin, the father-in-law of Shelley and the godfather of his poetry, wrote a voluminous life as long ago as 1803, but it was highly uncritical, and as unlike present-day Chaucerian criticism and biography as anything can be. The men of the Romantic movement talked a good deal about Chaucer, but it is doubtful whether they read him much, and not open to doubt that they hardly knew how to read him. Perhaps the best bit of writing dating from that time is William Blake's comments in his *Descriptive Catalogue of Pictures* on his own representation of the *Canterbury Pilgrims*. This has the insight of genius, but, of course, has no pretensions to learning.

Nobody can complain of what recent scholarship has done, both in the matter of giving us a text (though with the exception of Professor Root's "*Troilus and Criseyde*," not a definitive text) of the poet; and some of the best critical minds have been exercised upon that task and the problems connected with Chaucer's life. From Furnival and Skeat down to Professors Kittredge, Legouis, Manley, Brusendorff, ten Brink, Young, Lowes, and French, the work has been distinguished and brilliant.

Moreover there is an abundant array of bibliographical material now available because of the patient devotion to their task of J. E. Wells, D. D. Griffith and Miss E. P. Hammond. There are now a thousand books and articles at the disposal of the student, and almost all of them contain something of value.

The tendency, however, in some quarters, seems to be to treat Chaucer as a subject of archeology rather than of literature. It is necessary, of course, to examine carefully Chaucer's grammar and prosody, and the sources from which he derived so much. But these things are only the beginning of literary criticism. Comparatively few men seem capable of absorbing all this mass of detail and yet of remaining able to be interested primarily in the poetry itself. Professor Kittredge is perhaps the best example we can find of learning triumphant over scholarship.

Catholics, however, have so far neglected their opportunity, though Chaucer especially belongs to them, and though they alone are capable of adequately interpreting him. The days have gone when Chaucer could be regarded as a sympathizer with the Lollards. The claim of the Reformers to the author of the *Canterbury Tales* rested mainly upon the spurious and dull diatribe of "*The Plowman's Tale*." Even John of Gaunt, one of the poet's patrons, has been shown by Sydney Armitage-Smith, his biographer, to have protected Wycliffe merely as a political move—and a rather badly judged one at that—without himself being tainted with the theological heresies of Lollardy. The Duke was in addition a conspicuous supporter of the friars.

No doubt there are Catholics who feel a little uneasy when reading the "*Canterbury Tales*," who wonder at what point the thing is going to pass beyond bounds. But, after all, Chaucer let his clerics down very lightly. Moralists lashed, as well they might, at the arrogance of great ecclesiastics and the corruption of the Religious Orders. But Chaucer's satire is casual and light. His monk cared more for hunting than monastic austerity. He kept a good stable, wore fur in the sleeves of his habit, and fastened his hood with a gold brooch ending in a love-knot. The poet could in the best of good-humor say of him:

His opinioun was good;
What should he studie and make hym-selven wood,
Upon a book in cloystre alwey to poure,
Or swynken with his handes and laboure
As Austyn bit? How shall the world be served?
Let Austyn have his swynk to him reserved.

But the monk is a self-indulgent rather than a bad man. The Friar, the Somnour, the Pardoner, are rather worse, of course,—though no worse than our gangsters and politicians—because they are tinged with hypocrisy. In his prologue and epilogue to the "*Pardoner's Tale*," Chaucer achieves one of his finest pieces of characterization. The Pardoner frankly admits that he is a humbug and that his relics are only "piggys bones"; but he too has faith nevertheless and concludes:

And Jhesu Crist, that is oure soules leche,
So graunte yow his pardoun to receyve;
For that is best; I wol yow nat deceyve.

The Nun's Priest, whose portrait is not drawn, seems to have given nobody any disedification; and the Prioress, despite her courtly affectation, which the keen eye of Chaucer noted, had much in her besides this. We might suspect that her extreme sensibility towards dumb animals was assumed did she not prove her pity, her piety, and her love for little children in the exquisite story that she told.

We must always remember that Chaucer was a humorist, and a Catholic speaking to a Catholic audience. He can afford a certain amount of rough banter—as in the outrageous parody of a legend that the Dominicans still tell in honor of their Order—the story which the Sumnour tells in his prologue, much to the discomfiture of the poor Friar.

Even the Host's word to that excellent man, the Parson, who had reproved the Shipman for swearing "I smell a Loller in the wind," do not imply that the Parson was a Lollard, for that the Parson certainly was not, but merely that the Host was humorously expressing his fear that instead of the "merry tale" which was wanted by the company,

We shul han a predicacioun;
This Loller here will prechen us somewhat.

But there are those who, while admitting Chaucer's doctrinal rectitude, point to the "*Wife of Bath's Tale*" to prove that he disapproved of clerical celibacy. Among them has to be included the erudite Dr. Wells. Chaucer certainly makes the engaging harridan argue not against the abstract ideal of virginity, but only urge that there

is a large class of people (of whom she is obviously one) who cannot be expected to attain it:

Virginitee is great perfeccioun,
And continence eek, with devocioun;
But Crist, that of perfeccioun is welle,
Bad nat every wight sholde go selle
All that he had and yive it to the poore,
And in swich wise folwe hym and his foore.
He spak to hem that wolde live parfitly,
And, lordlyngs, by youre leve, that am not I.

Out of her rich experience of herself and the world and of men she speaks, but her burden is certainly not of the blessedness of the matrimonial state but

Of tribulacioun in marriage,
Of which I am expert in al myn age.

Chaucer later puts into the mouth of the Clerk of Oxford a story of an impossibly devoted and obedient wife which many people, of whom I am not one, have found dull. To it he appended a home thrust at the philosophy of the Wife of Bath, though ostensibly a commendation of it:

O noble wyves, ful of heigh prudence,
Lat noon humylitee youre tonge naill,
Ne lat no clerk have cause for diligence
To write of yow a storie of swich mervaille
As of Grisildis patient and kynde.

When, sometime afterwards, in his poem to his friend Bukton, he jocosely gives some warnings of "The sorwe and wo that is in marriage," he specifically invites the man who is contemplating wedlock to consider, before it is too late, the subtle moral hidden in the Wife of Bath's Tale. It is clear that Chaucer did not intend this to be taken as an onslaught upon the ideal of celibacy, even if we admit that it must not be taken, on the other hand, as a cynical view of marriage, or an indication that the poet was unhappy with his own wife. About that we know nothing, though I am not prepared to dismiss, as do most critics, Chaucer's allusions to a hopeless love in the "Complaint to Pite" and the "Book of the Duchess" as a mere literary convention.

In late life he came to regret many of his poems. Nobody is now prepared to reject, with Furnival's emphatic decision, the testimony of Thomas Gasgoine, the Chancellor of Oxford University, as "nonsensical talk" written down by "one who believed any rubbish he heard." For the recorded words: "I wish I could destroy them! I wish I had never written them!" coincide with Chaucer's retraction at the end of "The Canterbury Tales," a passage whose authenticity is universally admitted:

Wherefore I beseke yow mekely, for the mercy of God, that ye preye for me that Christ have mercy on me and foryeve me my giltes, and namely of my translaciouns and enditynges of worldly vanitees the which I revoke in my Retracciouns; as in the book of Troylus; the book also of Fame; the book of the XXV Ladies; the book of the Duchesse; the book of Saint Valentynes day, of the Parlement of Briddes; the Tales of Canterbury,—thilke that sownen in to synne; the book of the Leoun; and many another book, if they were in my remembrance; and many a song and many a lecherous lay, that Crist, for his grete mercy, foryeve me the synne.

The sincerity of these accents is very touching; and yet, with full admiration for a delicate conscience, we may still think the self-accusation somewhat excessive.

The bawdiest of the Tales, with perhaps one exception, taught no immorality. To the Miller's Tale (which is not the one I have in mind) Chaucer added in apology:

He nolde his wordes for no man forbere,
But told his cherles tale in his manere.
Mathynketh that I shal reherce it heere;
And thefore every gentil wight I preye,
Of Goddes love, demeth nat that I seye
Of yvel entente, but for I moot reherce
His tales alle, be they bettre or werse.

The excuse is hardly needed, for the obscenity is almost always dissolved into innocent laughter. Oscar Wilde, on the other hand, so we are told, would never tolerate a "smutty story"; and Frank Harris in his execrable autobiography, in which he claims that he is restoring to English literature the spirit of Chaucer, lacks altogether the Chaucerian note.

In one book alluded to in his *Retractation*, Chaucer had no intention of being funny. "Troilus and Criseyde," his masterpiece, is tragic, though it is relieved by incidental humor. The courtly love is here, indeed, made beautiful—just as Dante made the courtly love of Paolo and Francesca beautiful, though he sent them to hell for it. But Chaucer, having told his story, and fearing that some might find it an incitement to sin, admonishes:

O yonge fresshe folkes, he or she
In which ay love up-groweth with your age,
Repeireth hom fro wordly vanitee!
And of your herte up-casteth the visage
To th'ilke God that after his image
You made; and thinketh al n'is but a faire
This worlde, that passeth sone as floures faire.

And loveth him, the which that right for love
Upon a cros, our soules for to beye,
First starf, and roos, and sit in hevne above;
For he n'il falsen no wight, dar I seye,
That wol his herte al hoolly on him leye!
And sin he best to love is, and most meke,
What nedeth feyned loves for to seke.

After that it does not appear that the poet has so much to repent of on the score of his writings as, upon his deathbed, with the fear of hell hanging over him, he supposed. "The Shipman's Story," originally intended for the Wife of Bath, we may regard as immoral. But the grossness of using certain Anglo-Saxon monosyllables does not constitute immorality. After all there is very little in Chaucer that any Christian (apart from the squeamish addicts of scrupulosity) would wish to expunge.

There is a great deal, instead, for which we must remain grateful to this great Catholic poet.

REVIEWS

Every Inch a King. By PRINCESS PILAR AND MAJOR CHAPMAN-HUSTON, New York: Dutton and Co. \$5.00.

The title summarizes the faithful record and appraisal presented in this 400-page biography of Alfonso XIII of Spain. That he measured to the highest standard of cultured manhood, and that "His Most Catholic Majesty" has nobly illustrated his hereditary title, are made pleasingly manifest; but he appears to have exercised royal power more after the modern British model than that of Carlo Quinto or Alfonso the Wise. British constitutionalism will not meet Spanish requirements; and a strong hand could probably have prevented anarchic developments or

crushed them, and thus saved his Church and people from persecution and tyranny by a Communist minority left free to organize his overthrow. Alfonso is proved every inch a gentleman, but a King too gentle to traitors and too trustful of the trustless, and therefore lacking the kingly measure at the crisis. This interesting and authentic biography is supplied excellent illustrations and a good index.

M. K.

The Christian Social Manifesto. By JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J., Ph.D. Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing Company. \$2.50.

What a paradox it must seem to those outside the pale of the Church to see the Vicar of Christ, the Successor of Peter, the Primate of that ancient Roman See, whom the world has so long repudiated, derided, scoffed at, and believed dead beyond recall, so very much alive, so potent in utterance, so all-embracing in his love of humanity, so needed in these very crises to save our economic and social fabric from the wreckage of a Godless age. Again Rome has spoken; and the illuminating messages of Pope Leo XIII and Pope Pius XI on the Condition of Labor and the Reconstruction of the Social Order, have been interpreted and explained in a most scientific, scholarly way by the well-known sociologist, the Rev. Joseph Husslein, S.J., in this timely treatise. As student, writer, and lecturer in the field of sociology, Dean of the School of Sociology in St. Louis University, and general Editor of the new Science and Culture Series now issuing from the Bruce Publishing Company, Father Husslein was well prepared for this important task. Analyzing these Encyclicals with care and insight, the author has arranged the principles and directions in a systematic course which seems to touch every phase of the vexing problems in regard to labor, wages, trade unions, social standards, peace and concord, that are tormenting the groping minds of the world's leaders who in turning from Christian ethics and moral principles have plunged themselves and humanity into the darkness of the abyss. Father Husslein has supplied us with a splendid arsenal equipped with abundant weapons to defend and spread Catholic ideals: and he is very concrete and practical in showing how they can be made use of in our present circumstances. The two Encyclicals are given in full at the end of the volume; abundant references are supplied throughout the text; and a short, perhaps too short, index is appended. To Catholics who have a duty to further Catholic Action this treasure house will be a guide and *vade mecum*; and non-Catholics will be glad to find in it a clear and safe exposition of the Catholic social program.

F. D. S.

The New Conception of Matter. By C. G. DARWIN, M.A., F. R. S., New York: Macmillan Company. \$3.00.

Physicists have broken into a new world, the inner world of the atom. They have been bombarding this microcosm for a quarter of a century with the most powerful artillery at their command. Their persistent efforts have demonstrated that the atoms of the various elements are not simple units but complexes of much smaller entities held together by powerful forces in a relatively vast and empty space. These excessively small entities, protons and electrons, seem to be the ultimate units out of which all the elements are built up. The dream of the alchemist has all but come true. If we cannot yet transform one element into another at will, that is only because of their inherent stability. We cannot produce the conditions under which these transformations would spontaneously take place as the complex radioactive elements are, at atmospheric temperature and pressure, slowly disintegrating. It is precisely these inner processes, the capricious behavior of the actors in this miniature world that is most baffling. Attempts to explain and correlate these phenomena have led to the development of the wave-mechanical theory of matter. The movements of an electron are so indeterminate and unpredictable that one school of physicists has come to doubt, if not deny, the validity of the principle of causality in this small-scale world. But others more conservative maintain that this indeterminateness is not necessarily *a parte rei*. It arises from two sources: first, the experimental error incidental to all physical

measurements; secondly, the disturbing effect of the very process of observation. In the large scale world the effect of observation is infinitesimal but in the world of infinitesimal phenomena our very observations introduce an uncertainty that we cannot eliminate. This volume traces these interesting developments in a masterful way.

J. S. J.

Roman Literary Theory and Criticism. By REV. J. F. D'ALTON. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

The Reverend J. F. D'Alton, Professor of Greek at St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, has given us just the sort of thing that we used to associate with the German universities: accurate, painstaking accumulation of erudite detail in a study of the ancient classics. In a single volume of six hundred pages octavo, Father D'Alton dissects out of a considerable body of Roman writings the views and tendencies of their authors in the question of what constitutes literature. The work is strictly objective and scientific, based upon searching study of the texts, and presupposing in its readers an almost equal acquaintance with Roman writers, from Livius Andronicus and Naevius to Marcus Cornelius Fronto: a period, roughly, of four hundred years, from 250 B.C. to 150 A.D. It is a pleasantly written book, rather astonishingly so indeed, if one considers its technical character. It does not advance any novel views in its subject matter, but merely substantiates in great detail the long-established attitude of students of Roman literary theory: namely, that the early Roman writers scarcely had any literary theory at all, and that theory and canons of criticism were developed later, under the influence of the Greeks. There is a good index, and a bibliography covering seventeen pages.

L. D. S.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Historical Records.—The great Keystone State has a very sympathetic and industrious historian in C. Hale Sipe of Butler, who, in his "The Indian Wars of Pennsylvania" (The Telegraph Press, Harrisburg. \$5.00) fills 500 most entertaining pages with the tragedies of the Pennsylvania frontier, based on the State archives and Colonial records. The events of the French and Indian War, Pontiac's War, Lord Dunmore's War, and the Indian uprising from 1789 to 1795, are related with the authoritative detail expected by lovers of informative literature and documented with critical discrimination. The author quotes the Jesuit "Relations" and refers to their relators as "those true knights of the Cross to whom anyone who correctly writes the early history of the region between the Mississippi River and the Alleghany Mountains must needs pay a high tribute of esteem."

"The Colonial Background of the American Revolution" (Yale University Press. \$2.50) is a revised edition of the earlier work by Charles M. Andrews, Professor of American History at Yale University, in which our history from 1607 to 1783, is explained in terms of Colonial relationship with Great Britain. He holds that the American Revolution "was an uprising not against a King and his ministers, but against a system and a state of mind," and disclaims any attempt "to discover with any idea of finality" its causes, but rather suggests "certain lines of investigation that might be followed in an effort to understand that momentous event." The absence of an index to the contents, considering the source, is notable.

The pioneer nurse of North America was Jeanne Mance, who founded the historic Hôtel-Dieu Hospital in Montreal, in 1642, and the community of Hospital Sisters of St. Joseph, who for nearly 300 years since have carried on that institution. Welfare work and nursing, in modern view, are supposed to begin with the Red Cross and Clara Barton. In "Jeanne Mance; or, the Angel of the Colony," by J. K. Foran (The Herald Press, Montreal), we have all the evidence necessary to show that more than two centuries before either was heard of this devoted pioneer was busy in the field of nursing and social work, and her successors in the Religious Congregation she established still carry on its charitable ministrations to the needy and afflicted.

The story of her life has not heretofore been available in English and Dr. Foran has done a distinct service in thus making accessible a fascinating chapter in what has been aptly styled "the religious romance of early North America."

All that pertains to the Catholics of the Near East now takes on a special interest from the wish of the Holy Father to enlist general sympathy for the promotion of the Faith in that part of the world. "The Maronites of Lebanon" (The Author, Wheeling, West Va.), by the Rev. Paul Abraham, pastor of the church of Our Lady of Lebanon, Wheeling, West Va., gives a historical sketch of the early Syrian churches. He has aimed in it to present "a simple unadorned narrative of facts that cover the salient points of Maronite history," it has also, in the comment of his Bishop, "its interest in general as an important contribution to Church history."

An interesting booklet has been made by Helen Clergue of the career of the Capuchin Père Marie Antoine (1825-1907) which she calls "The Saint of Toulouse" (The Mitre Press, London, 3s. 6d.). He was one of the notable men of modern France, a very popular preacher with unbounded humanism, and inaugurated the first pilgrimages to Lourdes, that now world-famous shrine.

Economics.—The ability to see life steadily and see it whole is a gift which for good reason has not been much in evidence in the business community for the past two years. Francis W. Hirst in "Wall Street and Lombard Street," (Macmillan, \$2.00) reviews the rise and fall of the bull market, its numerous causes and effects, the transition of the seat of activity from New York to London and the subsequent course of events there. Out of his vast experience in financial journalism which included at one time the editorship of the authoritative London *Economist* he draws many useful comparisons, simple explanations, and illuminating sidelights. The style is technical enough to allow of precision but not beyond the comprehension of the business man who is familiar with the ordinary uses of credit. American readers, who will pardon the author the last two chapters, which are a plea on sound economic grounds for a revision of the War debts, will find the little book a useful survey of a whole movement which is frequently made more complicated than it really is, by fragmentary treatment.

Astronomy.—A delightful bit of popular astronomy is "The Stars in Their Courses" (Macmillan, \$2.50) by Sir James Jeans. It is written with all the grace and charm and clarity with which the great astronomer's pen is gifted. Notably, his comparisons, short and crisp, clarify deep problems and remain with the reader as mental stimuli for continued, thoughtful wonder at the marvelous creation above us.

In "The Stars for Sam" (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.00) W. Maxwell Reed has told the story of the heavens for young folk between twelve and sixteen. The book reads well and the illustrations are superb. Any child would enjoy it much, but the child should be warned against the very few slips ("ape men," "medieval wall of prejudice and superstition," etc.) with which the author has unfairly tarnished an otherwise fascinating book.

Religious.—Another scholarly addition to the Columbia Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law is presented in "The Historical Backgrounds of Early Methodist Enthusiasm," (Columbia Univ. Press, \$3.00), in which Dr. Humphrey Lee traces the idea of enthusiasm in the sense of a claim to direct inspiration by God Himself from its Hebraic and Greek roots down to the time of John Wesley and early Methodism. In the light of this history the position of the Methodists and their opponents in the England of the eighteenth century is set forth. The main thesis of the work is to answer the question: how far did some of the early Methodists believe that they were directly moved by God? The impartial answer of Dr. Lee, gathered from the early records of the Methodist movement, will amuse and instruct and throw some light on the tendencies of modern Methodism. Cath-

olic works are consulted on inspiration and revelation, and the Catholic position is clearly presented. An adequate bibliography of early and recent literature bearing upon the Methodist movement rounds out a learned and painstaking work.

The Theater.—Percy A. Scholes' "Miniature History of the Opera" (Oxford University Press, 75 cents) tells, in sixty-nine pages, the story of the opera from its rise in Florence during the seventeenth century to its present status in Europe and America. The author contrives to maintain a pleasantly cursive style in the handling of his crowded material; and his slim little book will recommend itself to initiate and beginner alike. They will appreciate the *multum in parvo*: the serviceable information and the concise treatment of all important points.

Uplift.—Chesterton in a pointed paradox declares that man seeks happiness only because he has lost the power to be happy. The man who reads Father Martin J. Scott's newest book, "Happiness" (Kenedy, \$2.00), will find both happiness and the power to be happy. This fertile Jesuit writer who has made his readers happy with his many other solid books serves them in his latest work with a fresh array of substantial Catholic truth. The author marks clearly the road that leads to happiness and shows that its end is God, who is happiness supreme and who made man to share in that Divine happiness. It is made clear that Jesus Christ, His doctrine, His inspiring example, His supporting grace, are the companion, the security, and the abiding joy of true Catholic life.

It is to be expected that men will shout "eureka" many times as the world gropingly hunts for a way out of its confusion. Philip Christian has raised the cry in "Keep Going" (Davidson Press) which is a plea for a great reformation of our Government and of our election methods, set forth in a romantic tale of the magazine-short-story variety. The plan is Utopian; it is optimism run mad; it is a delicious dream of the good circumventing the bad with little trouble—but it is only a dream. The accompanying story is interesting, well told, and clean.

Books Received.—This list is published, without recommendation, for the benefit of our readers. Some of the books will be reviewed in later issues.

ALL IS GRIST. G. K. Chesterton. \$2.50. Dodd, Mead.
ALTAR OF SACRIFICE, THE. Isabel C. Clarke. \$2.50. Longmans, Green.
BLOOD MONEY. John Goodwin. \$2.00. Sears.
BRAVE NEW WORLD. Aldous Huxley. \$2.50. Doubleday, Doran.
CALL HOME THE HEART. Fielding Burke. \$2.50. Longmans, Green.
CHERIE IN OLDVILLE. May Beatrix McLaughlin. \$1.25. Benziger.
COLLECTED POEMS OF G. K. CHESTERTON, THE. \$3.00. Dodd, Mead.
DESCENDANTS OF CYRUS PERKINS, THE. Charles Bloomer. \$1.50. Christopher Publishing House.
DIAGNOSING TO-DAY. M. S. Rice. \$1.50. Abingdon Press.
DICTIONARY OF BUSINESS TERMS. C. Martin Alsager. \$4.00. Callaghan, Chicago.
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Communications

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We Don't Intend to Stop

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Referring to your editorial, "Charity in Industrial Disputes," in the issue of AMERICA for March 5, written by you as an answer to the proposition that your exposition of Papal Labor Encyclicals was a waste of time, let me strongly support your attitude.

(1) The Encyclicals, together with your exposition of them, are of the greatest benefit to Catholics taking an intellectual interest in these matters, as they furnish an authoritative guide and solution to a pressing and highly complex problem and in this respect are a powerful and legitimate application of Catholicism to an important mental phase of life.

(2) They (the recent Encyclical and your expositions) are a living continuance of the invaluable Papal tradition of interest in the great working body of humanity.

(3) Whatever their immediate public result, they should exert a tremendous private effect by coloring the economic conduct of thousands and possibly millions of Catholics in this country alone in numberless concrete instances.

As regards your ceasing your expositions (and Catholic sources in general following this course), let me point out, without the slightest discourtesy to your other correspondent, that the devil himself couldn't advise you worse than to suggest, even by implication, that you stop so doing.

(1) It would lay the Church open to the charge of moribundity in that she would be taking no interest in a universal and burning question, and would alienate her from healthy, progressive thought in this field.

(2) It would lay her open to the charge of lack of sympathy for the economic needs of humanity and tend to alienate the body of mankind.

(3) It would lay her open to the charge of enmity to legitimate liberty and the legitimate rights of man—which concepts are fermenting in the economic consciousness of mankind—and would separate her from truly constructive politico-economic tendencies. The fact that to an informed Catholic such charges are laughable has not prevented and will not prevent our enemies from making them, and rejoicing in so doing.

Not that the Church couldn't meet this litany of evils without a tremor, but it is as well not to go seeking them. God prosper your expositions.

Lancaster, Pa.

B. P. G. McGRANN.

Catholics and True Internationalism

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I would like to add a few words of commentary and practical application to Father Keating's notable article upon Disarmament printed in the *Catholic Mind* for February 22. Father Keating notes the "nationalistic" mentality too sadly prevalent among many Catholics. The characteristic quality of nationalist myopia is to see the mote in the other nation's eye, and to ignore the home-produced beam. "What a fine article for the French!" Doubtless, but Father Keating's pleading and warning is not without application even in the United States. One must deplore the unconscious chauvinism of larger numbers of those whose Catholic Faith should make them the truest apostles of sound internationalism.

A profession of faith in international charity and world peace, combined with vehement opposition to all concrete proposals directed to those aims, is indeed a startling but too common mentality among American Catholics. Many practical applications might be made. Is opposition to our participation in the World Court a manifestation of nationalism? Should not Catholic opin-

ion support the Court, as an attempt—human and hence imperfect—to promote reason and justice in international affairs? Should Catholics be found among the "100 per centers" who seek to prevent our nation from aiding the success of this project?

Like Lincoln, I am not asserting anything, but merely asking questions.

Father Keating's plea for the League of Nations is doubtless at variance with the bulk of American Catholic opinion. Based on some experience, I am inclined to think that but few American Catholics have ever considered the arguments in favor of the League. It is a question whose very mention seems to raise a surge of violent emotion. Yet the *Civiltà Cattolica* regards the success of the League as of vital importance and as a "moral issue." Its view is at least worthy of consideration. This nation cannot remain economically and politically isolated from the rest of the world. A policy of charity and mercy on our part would be a great contribution to the stabilization of the world. Catholics could contribute a large force to making our international policy one of mercy and charity, yet millions of them are unconsciously nationalistic. If Catholic opinion in all countries could be severed from chauvinism, what a great stride towards international justice would be made. A crusade in New York against French Catholics allying themselves with nationalism is Pickwickian; like charity the battle against chauvinism begins at home.

New York.

LAURENCE K. PATTERSON, S.J.

City Life and Catholics

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Whoever hears of a Catholic family with ten children today?

City life has a tendency to deaden moral responsibility as far as the basic interests of the race are concerned. This is true in Latin countries and disastrously evident in cities of North European origin. Pleasure becomes a desirable end in itself. Catholicism acts as a check on modern paganism but it, too, suffers, and many Catholics are choked by the lures of city life.

That Catholic life has been inseparably connected with the cities is admitted. In medieval days the University cities were centers of deep spiritual life. As time passed, industrial upheavals stifled the religious elements in colleges and corrupted the culture of urban sections.

With the exception of the Trappists, Carthusians, and Benedictines our great Religious Orders have clung desperately to the cities and towns as if their salvation was bound up in that of congested areas. If Catholicism is to endure to the end of time I believe it is high time that our remaining Catholics, to preserve the virility of Catholic culture, should be led out of the bondage of industrial cities.

Would we be confronted with a situation today in which the balance of Catholics is heavily in favor of city existence if Benedictine foresight, looking to a long endurance of Catholicism, were used to keep the majority of Catholics in rural sections contiguous upon Abbeys, where monks foster wholesome family life and instruct the people in best agricultural methods?

Would the South be Baptist and Methodist if our clergy had not clung so tenaciously to the large cities and permitted enthusiastic Bible preachers to make Baptists out of Kelleys, Walshes, O'Briens, and Mahoneys?

If today our effete city parishes contributed one priest from every parish having over four curates for a period from two to five years to rural Bishops, what harvest could withstand the labors of such Apostolic generosity?

Why pamper and prolong city existence by Catholic families when city life is the very ruin of vigorous and healthy morality in the long run? We see it all about us. Yet we do little to distribute land more widely as Pope Pius XI and Pope Leo XIII so wisely urged. We see our families growing smaller and smaller. We see the effects of soft, modern materialism seeping into the fabric of Catholic life, once thought so impregnable. A vigorous rural people loses crudity in city life, but in the process they lose a precious native virility and very life itself.

Jersey City.

SETON A. GILLEN.